BRITISH MUSEUM

JOHN BULL

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The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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MORBID FOREBODINGS,
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MELANCHOLIA,
MOROSENESS and GENERAL NERVOUS DEBILITY and MENTAL EXHAUSTION.

Worry, anxiety, overwork, and heavy responsibilities all oppress and debilitate the nervous system and pave the way for all manner of complaints. Birley's Phosphorus should here be allowed to give its incomparable aid. It invigorates, sustains, strengthens, and fortifies the nervous system.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

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Grand Smoking Concert

IN THE

King's Hall, Holborn Restaurant, London,

ON

FRIDAY, APRIL 8th, at 8.30 p.m.

Chairman:—

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, ESQ., M.P.
(President of the League.)

ALL THE LEADING TALENT.

Admission 1s. Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

We direct the attention of our readers to the announcement which appears at the head of this column, of the John Bull League Smoking Concert, which will "be held" on Friday of next week in the King's Hall, Holborn Restaurant. This is to be an informal social reunion of John Bull Leaguers, prior to the commencement of our spring campaign, and we hope to see a good rally of London members. Any reader will be welcome, even though he may not yet have joined the League.

We also direct attention to the preliminary announcement of our forthcoming share issue, by means of which an opportunity will be afforded our readers to obtain a proprietary interest in this Journal, with a guaranteed preferential dividend and the option of participating *pro rata* with ourselves in the success of our undertaking.

On another page we return to the subject of the German *Dreadnought* crane. It was very amusing to observe how, as the result of our revelation, the First Lord of the Admiralty completely changed his ground. When we first questioned him, his defence was that the Germans would have completed the crane and returned home before any substantial progress could have been made with the *Dreadnought*, so that no secrets could leak out. On the second day, the answer was that the parts of the crane were to be put together by British labour, under the supervision of one German. We should like to know what power the Thames Ironworks Company has over the German contractors to impose this condition, especially as the contract provides that the crane is to remain under the absolute control of the contractors until it is handed over complete, after all trials. Assuming, however, that such a condition has now been secured, we are almost tempted to accept the compliment paid us by Lord Charles Beresford, that we are entitled to the thanks of all parties for calling attention to the matter. Mr. Arthur Lee, M.P., an ex-Civil Lord of the Admiralty, was unfortunately prevented from being present at the discussion, but he writes to the effect that we have "performed a public service by calling attention to the lack of care exercised by the Authorities in guarding national secrets."

Mr. G. N. Barnes, the Chairman of the Labour Party, expressed his opinion at Plymouth that we have to expect in a short time not merely one General Election, but several. But he failed to grasp the real lesson of the Party deadlock—that the people will soon be tired of the game and turn to a Business Government.

Apropos our recent disclosures on the subject of War Office bribery and corruption, we are glad to hear that Mr. Haldane has taken our allegations very seriously, and has appointed a special committee to enquire into the whole subject. We shall await its result with interest, but in the meantime we congratulate the War Secretary upon the activity he has displayed.

Up to the time of going to press, Sir Edward Grey has not thought fit to deny our statement that he was threatening resignation from the Cabinet. It is true that Mr. Haldane in a qualified sort of way has denied that such an idea was in his mind, although upon careful examination his words will be found to be not inconsistent with our allegation. What we said was that he had threatened that unless adequate supplies were provided for the Army he would resign his portfolio. As a matter of fact—and we speak upon excellent authority—he had a special interview with the King in which he said that he would be no party to the stoppage of supplies so far as the Army was concerned. "If," said he, "I do not get the votes I require, I must go." Will Mr. Haldane deny this?

It is not matter for surprise that an appeal has been lodged against the decision of Judge Eardley Wilmot in the Yelloly case. Mr. Yelloly, of Lindsey, near Hadleigh, rents a house from a farmer named Morley, Mr. Yelloly being a Liberal, and Mr. Morley a Tory. During the recent General Election, Mr. Yelloly posted two of the Liberal candidates' bills upon his walls. Mr. Morley removed them, and on Mr. Yelloly posting others in their place, Mr. Morley pulled them down again, claiming the right to enter upon the premises of his tenant for the purpose. The action was on the part of Mr. Yelloly for trespass, and His Honour gave judgment for the defendant on the ground that the landlord was "justified in peaceably entering to remove the bills, the posting of which might possibly have led to damage being done to the property or even bringing about a riot." This extraordinary view of the law may be sound, but until the highest court in the realm agrees that it is, we shall refuse to believe that it is even sane.

In his evidence before the Divorce Commission, Judge Stevenson did unquestionably make sweeping assertions as to certain conditions pressed upon women by tallymen to whom they owe money for goods as a condition of postponing or clearing instalments. There was a serio-comic air familiar to the music-hall stage about this allegation. The low comedy man, the very low comedy man, has pictured the tallyman in every aspect possible to song and jest, and the result is that he is almost as much a music-hall character as the red-nosed curate and the Johnny with the Piccadilly window in his eye. Mr. George Smith, of the East London Credit Drapers' Association, now tells the Commission that "he does not know of any police court or divorce proceedings which justify the strictures of Judge Stevenson." He adds that they are not even justified by gossip. All we can say is that we hope they are not. Judge Stevenson has the "credit draper" on the brain.

It is rather too late in the day to attempt to restrain the publication of the mysteries of the Rosicrucians. If you enter a secret society and are admitted to brotherhood by solemn pledge and ritual, it is certainly not playing the game to let the cat out of the bag when it suits your purpose to do so. And this was the position of the defendant whom the Court of Appeal declined to injunct the other day. As Lord Justice Farwell put it, even when the cat *is* out, it is dead. Rosicrucians have even fewer secrets to guard than the Freemasons. So much babbling has been indulged in by members of this craft that a man need not be a Mason to know almost everything there is to know. Apart from the fact that mystery draws as well as binds, there would be little reason for either Rosicrucians or Freemasons making mystery at all.

Canon Savage, of Hexham, is not alone in fulminating against Good Friday sports. Many other parsons have a yearning to increase the days of national sadness. The Canon's argument that Good Friday is the anniversary of the world's greatest tragedy is in one sense unassailable; but it is also unassailable, if the Church proclaims the truth, that it is also the day of the world's sublimest emancipation. The tragedy as a tragedy was a personal episode; it only becomes universally significant as the revelation of a sacrifice made to fill the world with rejoicing. However one regards it, Good Friday is now a general holiday, and what real moral or religious good would be gained for the people by turning their joy into mourning can only be comprehended by the sensitive otherworldliness of our puritanical friends. Surely most of us have sufficient real cause for heart-heaviness as our share of life without devoting holiday days to a special effort of depression?

The Scotch take perhaps a gloomier view of Sunday than any other people in the world, though it has never been borne upon us that they are any the better for it. No fewer than 821 shareholders of the Caledonian Railway Company signed the memorial to the directors against running a Sunday service of trains and steamboats on the Clyde. To support this memorial the Sabbatarians were in force, and as he entered the meeting every shareholder had stuffed into his willing or unwilling hands a pamphlet, entitled "Are we shareholders Christians?" Two ministers led the holy crusade against the iniquity of the directors in placing at the disposal of men and women who have finished their six days of labour opportunities of harmless recreation and enjoyment on the seventh. But after the usual cant and claptrap, the crusade fizzled out on the threat of the chairman to use his proxies. The Sunday service of the Caledonian Railway will therefore continue, with all the additional advantages of extended advertisement. In Scotland, even more than in England, the Puritans have turned Sunday into a day of national depression with hardly a moment of the true joy of life in it. It is the fete-day of hypocrisy and humbug.

Talk about the Continental Sunday comes glibly from the mouths of people who have never got nearer to one than a band performance in a London park. There is nothing very alarming about it. One feels a little brighter and a little freer for it; that is all. In no sense is it a godless Sunday, even in cities like Paris. From six o'clock in the morning, sometimes earlier, the people pour into church for worship; the servants and poorer classes first, the middle classes next, and then "society." Between six o'clock a.m. and mid-day, the Paris churches are much better filled than the London ones, but church-going over, the day is one of happy holiday for all classes. At times, and in places, possibly, it is easy enough for an Englishman to get shocked on a Continental Sunday. On the other hand, it is also easy enough for a Frenchman or a German to get shocked on a British Sunday; and we believe the Frenchman stands as good a chance of heaven with his Continental Sunday on earth, as we Britons do with our Puritan one.

The fact that Poor Law relief is a bar to qualification for Old Age Pensions has doubtless acted in some cases as an incentive to lying. Consider the widow Malcolm, of Aberdeen, aged 77. Applying for a pension she stated that she had never been in receipt of poor relief. After she had been drawing the pension from June 11th to November 26th last, it was discovered that she had been in the workhouse, with the result that Mr. Sheriff Begg has given her the option of paying £5 or doing thirty days. As we cannot imagine the widow finding the money, she is presumably serving her country in accordance with the decision. It seems a harsh measure of judgment, for the imprisonment, and not the fine, is the real test of it; though we recognise that if every person otherwise qualified were to lie to the widow Malcolm's tune of £6 5s. per unveracity, a larger number of millions of pounds than are at present available for Old Age Pensions would have to be at the disposal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Two announcements from *All Saints' Parish Magazine*, Sydenham. "Bible Classes—Wednesday, Women's, at, 3.30 in the Parish Hall; Teacher, The Vicar. Friday Ladies, at 3.30, at the Vicarage; Teacher, The Vicar." Evidently the Rev. Arthur E. Green knows where to draw the line. No third-class passengers at the vicarage, thank you.

Will the Postmaster-General be good enough to inquire whether there is not a more legible way of stamping envelopes passing through the post than that at present in use? Surely he has not exhausted the resources of civilisation? Hardly one envelope in one hundred reaches us in a condition useful for purposes of reference. Of course, if the object of the stamping is to simply smudge over the stamp and disguise the town, date, and time of posting and delivery, then certainly the artists employed by the Postmaster-General ably and zealously carry out the lofty ideal.

It is very desirable that when Colonel Coates enters the Bristol Court-house as a magistrate he should leave the notions of the barracks behind him. The pomposity of a comic opera Colonel combined with the manners of a Kiplingesque drill-sergeant are quite out of place on the magisterial bench. In a case the other day, the gallant little gentleman again succeeded in drawing attention to his eccentricities. A local solicitor was cross-examining a police officer, when the Colonel interrupted. "I am commanding officer here, sir," was his pompous remark, when the solicitor objected. "There is no commanding officer here, sir," retorted the solicitor; but as in the case of the little cottage maid, who was eight years old she said, 'twas throwing words away, for still the martinet would have his will. Far be it from us to interfere with the Colonel's delusions about himself more than is necessary, but we must ask him to accept our assurance also that he is not commander here, or there, or anywhere. He is, in fact, on the retired list. And will he please not forget it?

With reference to our paragraph of last week, in which allusion was made to the retirement of "Colonel" Lindsay from the staff of the Salvation Army, we understand that he gives as his reason for retirement the "incapacity and insincerity" of the Army Headquarters. Referring to our statements respecting the emigrants sent out to Canada by the Salvation Army authorities, a correspondent writes:—

> I notice with interest the remarks in JOHN BULL for this week *re* the Salvation Army's attitude towards the poor devils they ship to Canada, and I may say that what is true of Montreal is also true of many other large towns in Canada, certainly of Toronto.
>
> I have seen as many as a thousand unemployed waiting outside the *News* Office for two or three hours, when it's three degrees below zero, for the paper to come out. They glance down the columns, then rush off for the nearest job. When they get there they are often told that no (God damn) Englishmen are wanted there.
>
> I met several men out there who told me they would like a few minutes with the Salvation Army.

A correspondent tells us of a strange occurrence. A man recently called at a house and asked the woman who opened the door to fill his teacan with boiling water. This she consented to do, but, thinking the tea at the bottom looked rather poor stuff, she emptied it into a bowl and added some tea of her own. On handing back the can, she was roundly abused by the man for throwing away his own tea. Relating the incident to her husband later in the day, and his suspicions being aroused, he took some of the mixture to a chemist, who pronounced it to be a medical compound which, when boiling water was added to it, gave off powerful fumes, sufficient to render insensible anyone standing near it. We do not know whether our correspondent is "pulling our leg," but we give the story for what it may be worth.

Is it a fact that some over-zealous collector of antiques has recently cut off and taken away the Royal seals from the ancient charter of the town of Grimsby? Perhaps the Mayor will enlighten us.

Arising out of our recent notes on the strained relations between police and public at High Wycombe, we are asked by a reader to put certain questions to those whom they may concern. They are: (1) Were not the Bucks County police, imported into the town, kept on continuous street duty for about six hours on a bitterly cold day without any refreshment? and (2) Were they not afterwards charged for a very insufficient meat tea (which they ate under the impression that it was a thoughtful "extra") a sum equivalent to half the total amount allowed as additional expenses for the counting day to the constables drafted in from the surrounding district? The suggestion of our correspondent is that, if local authorities do not wish to put a premium on bad temper on the part of the police toward the crowd (which at High Wycombe, he says, gave the "dumped" officers a very lively time), they should feed the brutes. There may be something in it.

We had hoped that with the close of the election the name of the Deity might be omitted from political controversy. Our attention has, however, been called to the following sentence in a recent address delivered by Sir W. H. Davies, M.P. for South Bristol:—

> They only had in England sufficient food for two-thirds of the people, but the Almighty Provider had sent them wheat from the markets of South America and surplus from Russia, India, and Australia, and laid it at their feet, and any Government that would dare to put a barrier between the provision that Almighty God had made for this country and the people who needed it, would not be worthy or deserving of the name of statesmen.

We shall be interested to know what Mr. Horace Chatterton, Sir W. H. Davies's recent opponent, who nearly captured the seat—and who is one of the leading protagonists of Tariff Reform in the country—thinks of this new fiscal argument.

Apropos our recent question as to why Divorce should be part of the judicial department of Admiralty and Probate, our attention has been called to a statement in Doctor Maitland's book, "Social Eng-land":—

> The sphere of the canonists . . . comprehended . . . the whole topic of marriage and divorce, those last dying wills and testaments which were closely connected with dying confessions, and the administration of the goods of intestates. Why to this day do we couple "Probate" with "Divorce"? Because in the Middle Ages both of these matters belonged to "the courts Christian." Why to "Probate" and "Divorce" do we add "Admiralty"? Because the civilians—and in England the same man was usually both canonist and civilian—succeeded . . . in taking to themselves the litigation that concerned things done on the high seas, those high seas whence no jury could be summoned.

Almost as up to date, says our correspondent, as the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Speaker of the Irish Parliament on the Board of Trade.

The credulity of some people in this Twentieth Century is remarkable. One of our readers is a professional conjurer, and he publishes a little book for the purpose of teaching amateurs how to perform some of his tricks. Here is a letter which he recently received—written in all seriousness:—

> I received the Book you sent me and I can perform some of them fairly good I enclose stamped envelope for reply for Information to know the cost of the Book or Secret that would learn you how to take back anything by seeing it by Invissibly taking it from the possessor. I seen it done one time and I know you will furnish me with the cost of Secret as I lent £5 to a man and I cannot get it from him by law as he has no vissible means he is dealing from fair to fair I do see him Paid sums of money I would take my own back if I knew the secret of how to do it.

It appears that a great deal of annoyance has been caused in France by the following lines in "Chantecler":—

Nous sommes les crapauds,
Charmarrés de pustules;
C'est nous qui sommes les crapauds,
Nous crevons dans nos vieilles peaux.

They are not very elegant, no doubt, but frogs ought to be accustomed by this time to be compared to toads.

Recently the Public Library Committee of King's Lynn advertised for a librarian and secretary. Seventy candidates applied, and five were selected to interview the Committee. Three of the five were experienced librarians and held certificates from the Library Association; two were local men without practical library experience. Eventually the candidate selected was one of the King's Lynn men; his extra-special qualification being that he belonged to a chapel. Thus is the good man rewarded in King's Lynn. It must be very encouraging to the natives.

Here is a curious case which seems to call for enquiry. About twelve months ago, one of our correspondents was charged with being drunk, etc., at the Upper Street Police Station. He was there searched and a pearl pocket-knife was taken from him. The charge was dismissed, but he did not return for his knife for some time, as he felt ashamed of the incident. On October 29th last, he summoned up courage and revisited the station. The inspector on duty could not find the knife and suggested that it might have gone to Scotland Yard, but that perhaps the inspector who took the charge might be able to trace it. On November 3rd, our correspondent called again, and on November 4th, he found his man, who stated that the knife had been returned to our correspondent. This being denied, a book was produced with a signature acknowledging its receipt, but our correspondent says this was not his signature, nor even correctly spelt. Later on in the day, he called again and was refused all information, but he was told that a man had been sent to his house with a number of knives for him to identify. This, however, did not satisfy him, and he persisted in enquiring how his signature came to be forged. Now he wants us to help him to get at the truth. As he informs us that he has witnesses and is a man of good character, we should advise him to write to the Home Secretary,

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Uncoguiditis has broken out in the little Hampshre town of Bitterne. A few weeks ago, a rev. gentleman named Le Feuve presided over a meeting of parishioners at which it was proposed, seconded, and carried that "this meeting of the parishioners of Bitterne hears with deep regret the proposal to erect a drill hall for the local companies of the Hampshire Territorial Regiment on or adjacent to licensed premises, viewing the choice of this site with grave apprehension for the moral welfare of the young men belonging to the said companies, and fearing that the services of the churches in the immediate vicinity may be seriously disturbed." But if the young Terrors are not to be near a public-house for fear of corrupting their morals and not to be near a church for fear of disturbing the congregation, where are they to go? There is only one thing for it. The Hampshire Territorial Association must at once commence to build a suitable quantity of balloons.

Writing to the *Star* in reference to the Street Traders' Bill now before Parliament, Mr. Frederick Millar says: "A prominent Radical M.P. said to me, 'I hate this kind of legislation. It is not Liberalism—it is simply naked tyranny; and I intend to resist it in the interests of Individual Freedom, as well as in the interests of the hundreds of my poor constituents, who little know what is in store for them if a Bill like this becomes law." That is exactly what we did say.

The grotesque fashion in which our educational resources are wasted in pedantic nonsense is furnished by the reports on the "Home Science and Household Economics" course connected with the women's branch of King's College, London. We are ardent advocates of the education of women: indeed until the mothers of the people are educated, we despair of an efficient and happy nation. But it is absurd that some girls should be crammed at considerable expense with a curriculum covering "Hygrometry, photometry, and the propagation of light; Veblen's theory of fashion and of conventional expenditure; the consequences of intestacy and how to make a will; proceedings in buying and selling stocks; the history of the blow-fly; the fundamental morphology of the earth's work; the general anatomy and elements of histiology of a whiting; aliphatic and aromatic hydrocarbons; ontogeny and the struggle for existence; the manorial system and mediæval towns and their guilds; and the general morphology of bacteria, moulds, etc." Meanwhile many other girls are not given instruction in elementary hygiene, cooking, and needlework. In the same journal which reported the King's College foolery, the medical officer of Stockport gave revolting details of children with filthy heads, foul teeth and bodies nourished (save the mark!) on fish, chips and tea!

The author of the following lines about London considers himself the equal of Shakespeare and Milton, if not their superior:—

See what a mass of gems the city wears
Upon her broad, live bosom! row on row
Rubies and emeralds and amethysts glow.

They don't, as a matter of fact. But what we are concerned about is the scansion of the third line. Are we to read the Cockney em'ralds (like Em'ly), or am'thysts, or the canine ameethysts?

We have heard a great deal about the invocation of religion as an argument for voting for the House of Lords or the Budget, but it is somewhat of a novelty to find eating-houses taking the name of the Almighty in vain in order to induce the unwary to become customers. Now, however, we have been shown a copy of a bright orange leaflet couched as follows:—

PUBLIC INTIMATION.

We wish to inform the inhabitants of Preston and district that we have started business in the Shop known as

THE LONDON NOTED PIE SHOP,
121, RIBBLETON LANE,

and we hope, by Christ-like dealing, to prove ourselves worthy of your patronage. We have three desires in starting business here:—

Firstly.—That we may glorify God.
Secondly.—That we may be able to help others into the knowledge of Jesus, and that they may be ready for His coming.
Thirdly.—That we may live by the work of our own hands.

Tea and coffee will be served at 5.30 a.m. at 1d. per cup, also home-made rolls, with butter, 1d. each.

Meat Pies and Meat and Potato Pies fresh each day. We use English beef only, and no margarine.

If those who would like a hot dinner would come and see us, we will try and meet their need.

We are, yours faithfully,
LILLA BOWMAN.
BERTHA WALKER.

Evidently, there seems to be some connection between piety and pies.

What has become of the British sailor? We recently noticed a reference to a British ship, of which the captain is an Englishman, the mate an Irishman, the rest of the crew (fifteen in number) being Germans, Spaniards, Greeks, Turks, and Arabs!

Recently the proprietors of Sunday entertainments in West Ham were ordered to close their shows. "It now appears," says a correspondent, "that the two chief movers on the Council are brothers, Dyers by name and undertakers by profession." Now we understand.

The Grimsby magistrates give us the impression of being rather a hopeless lot. Here is a one-day record: A man drunk in charge of a wagon and four horses, fined 12s.; a married woman, drunk and staggering with a six months' old child in her arms, fined 7s.; a man found sleeping out in the open air, three months' hard labour. As there are no protests, possibly Grimsby is quite satisfied with its justices; or, at any rate, quite used to them. In that case, they have not only what they like, but also what they deserve.

The German papers are full of Mr. McKenna's tribute to the superiority of their floating cranes. Oh, for that Business Government!

THE WEEK'S "CHESTNUT":—

Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson asked her doctor to vaccinate her where the marks would not show. He said he must first see her dance at the Palace. Next day he said to her, "My dear lady, I have seen you dance, and the only thing I can suggest is that you should swallow the lymph."

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE HAS ITS EYE ON—

THE CLERICAL SHAREHOLDERS IN THE CALEDONIAN RAILWAY COMPANY, WHO, EXPRESSING THE UNCTUOUS OPINION THAT SCOTLAND, UNLIKE ENGLAND, WAS A "SABBATH-OBSERVING COUNTRY," DEMONSTRATED IN FORCE AGAINST RUNNING SUNDAY TRAINS AND STEAMBOAT SERVICES TO CLYDE WATERING-PLACES.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

NOTICE.—No more biscuits for births, deaths, or marriages, which creep into the wrong column. Much too gruesome to be funny!
OLD WOMEN.—Biscuits are uncompromisingly denied to papers alluding to "old women of both sexes." There are so many of them.
WEDDINGS.—No biscuits for bridegrooms wearing picture hats and crepe de chine. Why shouldn't they?

For advertising "Young LADY *Required as Pantry* BOY,"
THE MANAGERESS OF THE WAVERLEY HOTEL, BOURNEMOUTH,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the bright sunshine of yesterday filled the streets of the WET *End with crowds of people,"*
THE DAILY MAIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "One pink straw 'pretty woman's' hat had a brim turned up from the face of black velvet, with one large peach to provide the touch of colour,"
THE DAILY MIRROR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

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*For advertising "*SWEEP *wanted: must be* CLEAN,"
MR. STRUMEYER (of Egham)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "The number of sonatas by great composers for violoncello and pianoforte is, indeed, small. Neither Mozart nor MENDELSSOHN WROTE ANY, *while the* TWO OF MENDELSSOHN *seem almost to have passed into oblivion,"*
THE DAILY TELEGRAPH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising, "Several COMPLETE *dinner sets,* WITH A PIECE OR SO SHORT,"
WORRALL AND SONS (of Balsall Heath)
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For the following statement, "Mr. Arthur Ellingham, of Birmingham, had one of his legs broken. The remaining FOUR, *although badly shaken, were not otherwise injured,"*
THE NEW YORK HERALD (of Paris)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "it has been decided to despatch a German expedition to endeavour to reach the South POLICE,"
THE STAFFORDSHIRE SENTINEL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

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*For stating in its time-table of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, "*12.45 *p.m.—Race starts at Putney." "*12.34—*Crews expected to arrive at Mortlake,"*
THE EVENING NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating under the heading "Chances of the Crews Considered," "There is no knowing what will happen. . . . As to the race itself to-day, it is very hard to say anything definite. . . . It seems generally agreed that Oxford will win. . . The actual result SEEMS FAIRLY CERTAIN. . . . *As to the race itself, it is* IMPOSSIBLE TO MAKE A FORECAST"
THE STANDARD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "The 'Dreadnought' is being fitted with special WIRELESS *wires,"*
THE MORNING LEADER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For speaking of "the enormous CROWS" *that parade with a* FIFE-AND-DRUM BAND,
THE NATIONALIST (CLONMEL)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For giving as an instance of CANINE *sagacity the fact that Mr. Fred Redgrave has in his keeping "a tame rabbit of the Welsh breed having a long coat,"*
THE WOODBRIDGE REPORTER AND WICKHAM MARKET GAZETTE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY.

REMARKABLE DISCLOSURES AND DOCUMENTS.—ARE MESSRS. PATTERSON AND PALMER LEAVING THE COUNTRY?

The National Cash Register Company is going from bad to worse. Ever since we first called attention to the scandalous manner in which it is breaking its pledges to the users of its registers, there has been a general combination among such users to refuse further payments of the instalments due under their contracts, with the result that for some time past the Company has been seriously embarrassed for liquid capital. And, but for the stroke of luck by which the recent action of Riley *versus* the Company went in its favour—notwithstanding, as will be seen hereafter, that Mr. Rufus Isaacs formed a very strong opinion as to the hopelessness of its case—there is little doubt that by now its doors would have been closed and its controlling spirits, Messrs. Patterson and Palmer, would have quitted our shores.

Register Users' Association.

One result of the agitation has been the formation of the London National Cash Register Users' Protective Association, of which Mr. H. E. Reed is the chairman, the secretary being Mr. Francis Robinson, of 137, Saltram Crescent, Paddington, W. Mr. Reed is a well-known hotel proprietor, whilst Mr. Robinson possesses unique qualifications for his present position, being a retired police inspector.

Losses and Shrinking Prices.

As we mentioned a few weeks ago, the last year's trading of the Company was disastrous—resulting in a loss of approximately £140,000. The followng table will show the steadily declining character of the business during the past six months:—

1909.	Registers.	£	s.	d.
September	667 ..	9,676	15	0
October	676 ..	9,525	9	0
November	612 ..	8,929	6	0
December	551 ..	7,164	9	0
1910.				
January	545 ..	7,449	12	0
February about	300 ..	4,000	0	0

The significance of these figures is contained in the fact that eighteen months ago, with sales of about half the quantities of registers above set out, the income was double that shown in the table. In other words, the Company—although selling twice the quantity of registers—is receiving only half the previous amount of money.

A Sea of Litigation.

There are several actions pending at the instance of individual users, but Mr. Reed is very wisely awaiting the result of some of these before embarking upon litigation on behalf of his Association, because he has good reason to know that in the event of such action going against the Company it will probably be wound-up, or, at any rate, disappear from this country. One of the actions is expected to be reached immediately on the reassembling of the Courts after the Easter recess, and the result will be awaited with keen interest by cash register users throughout the kingdom.

Messrs. Patterson and Palmer.

Before we go further, we should explain that whereas Mr. John H. Patterson is the head of the Cash Register organisation, being President of the American and Governing Director of the English Companies, his right-hand man and inseparable companion is Mr. Charles Palmer—under whose influence there is no doubt that Mr. Patterson has completely fallen. It may, therefore, be interesting to record the fact that Mr. Palmer was employed from June, 1902, till October, 1903, as second porter for Messrs. Hewitt and Schwerzl, furriers, of 15, New Burlington Street, London. His salary was 22s. per week, which was subsequently increased to 24s., and his duties were to beat furs and deliver parcels. He was subsequently employed as temporary odd man at the Sandow Institute, at a salary of 27s. 6d. per week, and from this place he was engaged by Mr. Patterson's medical man to take charge of the physical welfare of Mr. Patterson—at whose hotel he has lived ever since and from whom he is scarcely ever separated. We mention these facts to enable our readers better to appreciate the remarkable documents which we are able to set forth, and from which it will appear that in a relatively short space of time Mr. Palmer, the furrier's ex-porter and Sandow's ex-temporary assistant, had apparently accumulated a sufficient sum to be able to lend the Company £6,500; and that he has further developed marvellous genius as an inventor and patentee of cash register improvements, receiving a huge sum from the American Company in respect of them.

During the past few months matters have become acute, and the documents we are about to set out will indicate the stress to which Messrs. Patterson and Palmer have been driven, and the methods to which they have resorted, first of all by throwing dust in the eyes of the English users of cash registers, and, secondly, for relieving themselves at the expense of the American parent Company of any financial loss.

Exploiting the American Company.

The story begins in the early month of February last, when it will be seen that, owing to a temporary lull in our criticisms, Messrs. Patterson and Palmer, taking to themselves the vain delusion that we had ceased to take interest in their proceedings, applied to the American Company for the sum of £50,000 as additional capital, to enable the English Company to continue its business. It would also appear that, owing to our revelations and in order to keep the users quiet, a sum of £13,000 had been provided, nominally by Messrs. Patterson and Palmer, for the purpose of keeping dissatisfied customers at bay. We were aware that these payments had been made, and in a previous issue we have quoted the circular, which accompanied the cheques, explaining that the money had not come from the Company, but from private funds. Our readers, and users of cash registers, will now see exactly how the thing was worked. Here is an extract from a letter, written from Mr. Patterson's dictation and addressed to the Manager of the American Company in the month of February:—

> This £50,000 does not include the £6,500 that Mr. Palmer paid, nor the £6,500 that I paid to people who bought their machines at the former high prices, between January 1st and April 1st, 1909. Our lawyers advised us that when we paid out this money that it was necessary for us to say that this money was not paid out of this Company's pocket, nor out of the Dayton Co.'s pocket, but from private fund owned by individuals, and these individuals have not had, nor will they have, any of this money refunded to them, either by the National Cash Register Company, Ltd., or the National Cash Register Company of Dayton. We know that this had a good effect on the suits which have been brought against us by

users to recover the difference in prices. It has already slowed up, if not actually stopped, the number of new suits that we were being threatened with. John Bull has said nothing against us since that time Competition had worked up so much feeling against us that it became absolutely necessary for us to do this. *In other words, we had either to make these refunds, or get out of the country, and quickly too.*

What do cash register users think of this? It would be interesting to know who "our lawyers," who were parties to this deception, were, or whether it was entirely an invention. As regards the last paragraph of the letter, we leave our readers to draw their own inference as to what is likely to happen after this issue of our journal.

More Cynical Admissions.

About this time another letter was written at Mr. Patterson's dictation, addressed to the American Company. It was dictated immediately after the abortive Riley action, to which we have above referred.

> We had two excellent lawyers in Rufus Isaacs, K.C. (means King's Counsel), probably the best fighting lawyer in the world, and Montague Lush, K.C., but Mr. Isaacs had charge of the case and handled it with great ability. After Mr. Isaacs had heard what the other side had read from our Manual and Primer, and listened to the Judge's comments on them, he said that the case was more serious than had been represented to him, and that he saw very little hope for us. . . , I never spent such a dreadful afternoon and night as that following the first day's hearing.
>
> I did not attend the trial, but Mr. Palmer did, and he gave me all the details late in the afternoon. It seemed as if our case was hopeless, and if we had lost it would probably have meant the loss of our entire capital and would have been a bad precedent for other parts of the world.
>
> The whole case rested on mine and Mr. Palmer's policy, which was to tell the truth, and acknowledge that we were responsible for what was said in the Manual and Primer, and *neither of us was going on the stand.*
>
> You can see how anxious I was to have Mr. Palmer in the best frame of mind, and what the Company has paid him for his inventions he has compensated them ten times over in the extraordinary amount of work he has put into this case alone. Mr. Palmer, like Mr. Isaacs, is a fighter, and, as Napoleon said to the English at Waterloo, "the English did not know when they were whipped." Mr. Palmer and I have been whipped many times, but we have kept on fighting, and we still propose to go on fighting.

We do not pause to comment upon Mr. Patterson's tender solicitude for Mr. Palmer—nor upon his admission that neither Mr. Palmer nor he was willing to face the ordeal of going "on the stand" (in other words, into the witness box)—but proceed to explain the meaning of the reference to what the Company had paid to Mr. Palmer for "his inventions."

"Least Said—Soonest Mended."

Before doing so, however, we will quote a further letter, written about the same time—as a matter of fact it is dated February 11th last—also addressed to the American Company:—

> We had two excellent lawyers in Mr. Rufus Isaacs and Mr. Montague Lush, but Mr. Isaacs took charge of the case and handled it with great ability. His fee alone was $2,000. If we utilise what this suit teaches us, it will be very valuable, and be worth in the next ten years an immense amount of money. It is a strong proof that our prices *were too high*, and that in order to sustain them we have been talking too much and writing too much, and since I have been over here I have learned the wisdom of that saying, "the least said soonest mended." The man who brought the suit yesterday talked too much, and our attorney, Mr. Isaacs, took advantage of that fact to such an extent that it was not necessary for our witnesses to be put on the stand. Hence, if we are drawn into a controversy, we must remember "least said soonest mended."

Getting those "Private Funds" Back.

Now for that £13,000 provided "out of private funds." Here is the little device resorted to get the money back, and we do not hesitate to say that it constitutes a gross fraud upon the American Company. It takes the form of an invoice of patents and improvements by Mr. Palmer, and reads as follows:—

> The National Cash Register Company.
> Debtor to
>
> Mr. Charles Palmer.
>
> For the Patents, Improvements and Inventions on Cash Registers, as enumerated below. £13,000.
>
> 100 Class with three rows of press-down keys, revolving indicators and detail strip with consecutive numbering.
>
> 200 Class with electrically illuminated indication (lamp hidden).
>
> No. 316 with two keys added and new design bell hammer.
>
> No. 317 with two keys added and autograph in centre of lid, operated by "No Sale" Key.
>
> No. 336 with six keys added and new design bell hammer.

How the £13,000 was paid we are not in a position to say, but it is clear from one of the letters quoted above that, as a matter of fact, the money has been paid.

Mythical Inventions.

We are having a careful search made at the Patent Office, but have found no record of any of the patents and improvements referred to in the invoice, and the whole thing is a transparent trick to get back the £13,000, paid ostensibly from private sources. However, that is a matter for the shareholders in the American Company to deal with, and we leave them to adopt such course as they may think fit.

A Few Plain Questions.

We think we have now said enough to show that the National Cash Register Company is in a critical financial state; that Messrs. Patterson and Palmer are at any moment liable to flee the country; that the outlook for the users of getting any substantial redress is practically hopeless, and that we have been fully justified in our strictures upon the administration of the Company.

Let us conclude with a few straight questions to Messrs. Patterson and Palmer:—

(1) Is it true that the National Cash Register Company lost £140,000 last year?

(2) Is it true that the Company is now receiving 50 per cent. less money than it did a year ago?

(3) How did Mr. Palmer get the £6,500 which he "lent" the Company?

(4) What sums of money has Mr. Patterson paid Palmer, and in respect of what services?

(5) In the event of any of the pending actions going against the Company, is it their intention to shut up the offices?

(6) Have they taken steps to get possible witnesses in the pending litigation out of the country?

Finally, we advise every user of the National Cash Registers to join the Protective Association.

"THAT DREADNOUGHT CRANE."

We shall refer further to this matter next week, being obliged to hold over owing to pressure upon our space.

"JOHN BULL" HALF-CROWN SHARES.

AN EARLY OPPORTUNITY FOR EVERY "JOHN BULL" READER TO BECOME A "JOHN BULL" PROPRIETOR.

The Newspaper Boom—*Daily Mirror* and *Lotinga's Weekly* Shares Largely Over-Subscribed.

It looks as though we are in for a Newspaper "Boom." Following the large over-subscription for the shares of the Amalgamated and Pictorial Newspaper Companies, there has been wide enquiry for newspaper shares generally, and many of our readers have urged us to give them an opportunity of participating in the proprietary rights of this journal.

We quite agree with the *Daily Mail* as to the advantages to be derived from spreading the proprietorship of a popular journal over a large area, so that every reader may not only have an opportunity of sharing in its profits, but may have an additional inducement for furthering its interests, by pushing its sales amongst his friends and acquaintances.

A scheme is now under consideration for the issue of 200,000 fully-paid half-crown Share Certificates to be allotted *pro rata* amongst our readers. It is proposed that certificates shall be made out to Bearer, so that they may be passed from hand to hand without the necessity for transfers or other formalities.

And in view of the large profits and the continued progress of the journal, and having regard to certain important further developments which will shortly be announced, each half-crown certificate should in time be worth £1.

It will take some little time to complete the arrangements, but further details will be announced at the earliest possible moment. Meantime, we may say that the object of the issue will be to give our readers a preferential dividend, with the right to participate, *pro rata* with the chief proprietors, in the full profits of the Journal.

HARROD'S AND THEIR EMPLOYEES.

With reference to the paragraphs under this head that appeared in our issues of February 26th and March 19th, we have received a visit from Mr. A. H. Doe, who represents the Managing Director in this matter. Mr. Doe complains that we have been unjust to Mr. Burbidge and underrated his desire, which is very keen, to make his employees comfortable and to treat them well. We may say in passing that none of the facts upon which we commented are traversed. It is quite true, as we stated, that young persons go to Harrod's on approval without wages, and that the hours are from 8.30 to 6.30, and that in many cases the pay is extremely small; but Mr. Doe points out that many of these young people have no acquaintance with business when they go into the Stores, that they have to be taught their trade, and that if they prove themselves competent they can soon earn good wages. Mr. Doe also tells us that at the last Board Meeting it was decided to inaugurate a pension scheme which will apply to all the staff, and that at Mill House, Barnes, the Company have all sorts of buildings and suitable grounds for the amusement, comfort and instruction of the employees. We have no doubt whatever that Mr. Burbidge himself is anxious to do all that is possible to make his employees comfortable, and, of course, in a shop which employs close upon 5,000 people, some 1,200 or 1,500 of them being young women, there may occur instances of hardship, but he assures us that whenever they are brought to his notice it is his earnest desire to do what he can to put things straight.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

See page iii. of Cover.

THE OLD AGE PENSIONS ACT.

A RIDICULOUS RESTRICTION.

Mr. J. J. Patrick, of 64, Parkside Street, Battersea Park Road, S.W., thinks he has a grievance against the local Pension Committee, and as it seems to us with some reason.

Patrick reached the age of 70 a few weeks ago, and thereupon applied to the Committee for a 5s. pension. Throughout his life Patrick has been a decent, steady man, paying his way, and with no sort of black mark against him, but some years ago, to be precise in 1892, he accompanied his employer to the United States and remained there with him for 3½ years. It was never his intention to leave England permanently. He had furniture stored with a relative in Southampton, and he kept up his payments to the Oddfellows. In 1895 he returned to England, and since then he has pursued his old vocation of a driver.

In acknowledging Patrick's application, Mr. G. E. Russell, a clerk of the local Pension Committee, referred him to No. 29 of the Regulations, which requires that in order to be entitled to the pension a man must during his absence abroad have had a home in the United Kingdom. The Local Government Board informed the Committee, in reply to their request for a definition of the word "home," that, speaking generally, the considerations which should be looked at in cases of the kind seemed to be:

(1) Whether during the absence there was an intention to return to this country, and

(2) Whether there was a specific place in this country to which the claimant intended to return and to which, while absent, he has looked as a residence on coming back to the United Kingdom.

With regard to the first condition Patrick was able to satisfy the Committee. It was always his intention to return to England, but with regard to the second he was unable to say that there was a specific place in this country to which he intended to return and to which, while absent, he looked as a residence on coming back. And this being the case the Law Officers of the Crown, to whom the point had been referred, advised against his being qualified for a pension. They pointed out that it is not necessary that a claimant should have any rights of property or occupation in respect of the specific place to which he intends to return, but that the place must have been one to which he has looked as a residence on his return to the United Kingdom.

This condition seems to us unreasonable. A workman who goes abroad does not leave behind him a country seat or house property in which he intends to reside again when he returns, consequently there is no likelihood of his keeping up a connection with some particular place whilst he is away. And why should he be required to do so for the purposes of a pension? What is the length of time a workman may be out of the country without forfeiting his right to a pension? Is it to be limited to a week or two, or a month or two, or what? And on what ground of equity is Patrick deprived of his pension? For 52 years he lives in England, pays taxes, and is a good citizen. Then for 3½ years he is out of the country, detained abroad longer than he anticipated, then he comes home, and for another 15 years he resumes his old occupations. Why at 70 should he be disqualified from the pension because at 52 he went abroad for a while?

MOTOR-'BUS GRIEVANCES.

A motor-'bus conductor in the employment of the L.G.O. Co. makes various complaints as to his treatment by the Company, which seem to have substance in them:

(1) Suspension week by week for two days or more.

(2) Suspension for paying in short, as, for example, where bad coin is taken.

(3) The Company's refusal to accept coppers under penalty of suspension.

(4) Delay when summoned to appear at the District Inspector's office.

The Company would no doubt plead that in resorting to short time they only follow other industries, but it does not follow that what is justifiable, and even necessary, in, say, the cotton trade, is equally so in the 'bus industry. Nor can we see why collectors should be compelled to convert the coppers they are receiving all day into silver before paying in.

NEWBEGIN'S BUDGET.

By Vincent Baseyl.

Richard Newbegin threw open the window and stood gazing down the quiet street. He was puzzled, elated, anxious, triumphant. In the first place, he could not understand why they had made him Chancellor of the Exchequer. Certainly he had made a long and fiery speech on the previous Budget, but then he had intended to support the measure and his speech had been taken as opposing it. In the privacy of his own room, he had to admit that he did not understand finance. Still, his luck and his great gift of oratory which had carried him thus far must carry him still further.

At home, Newbegin was a mild, rather shy man; but on the platform he was the most advanced of demagogues. He had been mildly surprised to find himself in Parliament. He was very surprised, and rather frightened, to find himself Chancellor of the Exchequer. Newbegin comforted himself with the reflection that the Treasury officials would be sure to understand all about the Budget and taxes and that sort of thing, and that he need only do the talking, a task well within his scope.

Newbegin reached the station just as his train left, and he had to wait ten minutes for the next train. Everybody who has to wait on a station platform, examines the bookstall. Newbegin ran his eye over the rows of magazines, newspapers and cheap story books, and then he noticed a pamphlet, one of the "Erudition for All" series, entitled "The Circulation of Money." He glanced hastily up and down the platform to make sure no one was looking, and then purchased this book. He was now in a fever to get home and work out his Budget.

An hour after reaching his lodgings, Newbegin had mastered the whole subject of the circulation of money, and had decided upon a wonderful scheme of finance for the future of the Nation.

On Budget night, Newbegin opened his speech with a fine display of oratory, and then read out the estimates supplied by the Treasury officials as if he understood them. Then came a slight pause; one of those moments of silence which sometimes predict great disturbance.

"And now, sir," he said, "comes the question of supplying nearly £170,000,000 to meet this expenditure. The Nation is weighed down with the burden of taxation; trade suffers, and consequently, the great mass of workers, the countless numbers in whose interests we are bound to strive, are dragging out a miserable existence, with want, hunger and cold as their constant companions. I have, therefore, decided to abolish all taxation."

The House was about to burst into a roar of laughter, thinking that this was meant for a joke, but there was no sign of humour about Newbegin. He was in deadly earnest and was conscious of the fact that he had hit upon an original scheme which would startle the world.

He explained his scheme to a surprised House. He would ask them to pass a Bill making banking a government monopoly. All banks would at once become the property of the State, and the shareholders would be paid five per cent. on their holdings. In this manner, he explained, the affairs of the country could be run without the cost of one farthing. For all money passes through the banks, and practically all transactions over a few pounds are done by cheque. Thus the State, in paying for battleships, for stores and ammunition, and in paying salaries to the State servants, would only be passing money from one branch bank into another. Thus, argued Newbegin, the whole cost of national defence, advancement and administration would be defrayed without the real expenditure of one penny.

"Criticism of my scheme is needless," he continued. "I have merely arranged that the wealth of the country shall be used by the State at the same time as it is being used by the individual, and I have thus abolished all taxation."

The leader of the Opposition rose to reply but his task was difficult. It is not easy to analyse an absurdity which has the appearance of greatness. The answer was weak and unconvincing, and Newbegin left the House with a firm belief that he had startled the world by a great stroke of genius. He found Grace waiting for him in the outer lobby, and they walked together to the Smithsons' house for supper.

"I don't understand your scheme a bit, Richard," said Grace. "How can you possibly spend money without having it?"

"My dear Grace, to put the case perfectly simple, the Government will be everybody's banker. A bank always has the use of money entrusted to it, and therefore the Government will have the use of the whole national wealth."

"But, look here, Dick, if my butcher and baker and candlestick maker made me their banker, I should not be justified in paying the baker with the butcher's money and the butcher with the baker's money, should I?"

"My dear girl, you don't understand. You can't draw parallels between the great issues of political economy and the paltry affairs of your weekly shopping."

Newbegin spoke with a grandiloquent air, and Grace, who thought her hero was really very clever, felt small.

The next few weeks slipped by rapidly. The new political economy was written about freely, but it was not really discussed. The Opposition papers heaped ridicule on it, and the organs supporting the Newbegin faction hailed the scheme as the beginning of the millennium. The scheme certainly brought Newbegin a considerable amount of notoriety.

His position as Chancellor of the Exchequer took him into circles of society which he had read about but never dreamed of entering. He discovered that these persons were not the idle, useless folk depicted in the lurid articles of his own Press. He found them attractive and, incidentally, he began to develop some of the attributes of the snob. He began to be doubtful about Grace. Was she really worthy to be his wife? Of course, he still denied having any class prejudice, but was Grace sufficiently intellectual, could she really be his helpmate and companion?

He had never actually been engaged to Grace, but he felt some compunction at breaking off altogether with her, and when this step had been taken, he did it by post: interviews are liable to be unpleasant.

A fortnight after the introduction of his Budget, Newbegin sent a note to Mrs. Smithson, stating that he was shortly going to marry the Hon. Amelia Pilkington. The title was associated with imported cocoanuts. Poor little Grace was really heartbroken. She loved Newbegin truly, and thought him the greatest and wisest man that ever lived. She was too fond of him, even, to attribute his change to snobbishness-cum-swelled-head. Girls cannot get out to Africa to shoot big game, so Grace tried to make up her mind between district visiting, hospital nursing, or a convent. However, it took some time to make up her mind, and, in the meantime, fate intervened.

While Newbegin had been pluming himself on the great stroke of genius which had made him so prominent, events had been taking their natural course. There was no great rush on the banks as nobody really believed that the scheme would ever become law. But one morning the world awoke to find that the Budget, embodying the nationalisation of all banks, had passed its third reading.

The events of the next few weeks were like the scenes in a prolonged nightmare. There was a rush on all the banks. Foreigners withdrew their deposits. Government securities fell, and, worst of all, currency became depreciated. A Bank of England five-pound note was worth no more than the paper on which it was printed, and, owing to the withdrawals from abroad, there was a dearth of coin in currency. Then, when the country was, to all appearances, bankrupt, in spite of its wealth, the Prime Minister screwed up his courage and asked the King to dissolve Parliament.

This brought down upon him the wrath of the supporters of Newbegin who, strange to relate, could find many reasons for the financial crisis, but would not admit that it was due to Newbegin's policy. They went to the country confident of being returned to power with an overwhelming majority, but, much to their surprise, they were absolutely routed, and the former Opposition was returned.

The day after Parliament re-assembled, Newbegin received a polite little note from the Hon. Amelia Pilkington, breaking off the engagement. Newbegin had taken his defeat as an unfortunate incident due to the "swing of the pendulum," but he had never doubted the greatness of his scheme. This was the first hint he had that the world did not look upon him as a genius. Before long his pride was to be humbled even more. The new Government repealed his Act, the banks, and so much money as there was left, were restored to their rightful owners and the tide immediately turned.

There was one other result. A humbler and wiser Newbegin called on the Smithsons one day and casually remarked that his engagement with the Hon. Amelia Pilkington was broken off. He added something about being easily deceived by that sort of woman, and left the impression that he had been mistaken in his *fiancée*, and had broken off the engagement himself. He became a frequent visitor at the Smithsons, and found Grace of a forgiving nature.

They were married three months after the General Election, when Newbegin had retired from Parliament and taken up the duties of secretary to the "Peace and Plenty Society," a community of cranks who paid him well for doing nothing.

KEARYISM.

By Mary Meadows.

Those of us who are familiar with the ceremonies of the Orthodox Church will find nothing novel about the word Keary. It means "O Lord!" and is usually employed in the phrase: "Lord have mercy on us!" This is quite appropriate to the fourth volume of the "Success Library," which I have recently had the honour of welcoming on my shelves. It has the fine portmanteau title: "Success After Failure: Some Men who Got Out and Got On," and is described as "Edited by Peter Keary, Author of 'Get On or Get Out,' etc."

The Hierophant of Hustle.

This wonderful work is not only a monument of scissors and paste, but a striking gospel of the strange creed whereof Mr. Peter Keary is prophet and priest. There are some preachers who spend their lives in proclaiming the attractions of virtue. Others urge that it does not matter in the least what you do, so long as your beliefs are all right—so long, that is, as they coincide with those of your instructor. Others enjoin philanthropy or philosophy, or the pursuit of pleasure, or the beatitude of beauty. But no one else, so far as I am aware, during the 5,914 years of the world's existence, has ever had the courage to come forward as the frank champion of the greed of gain. Success is the idol which Mr. Peter Keary has set up for public adoration. To Success we shall build temples, offer incense, and mumble prayers. What does it matter if crimes have to be committed, if victims have to be sacrificed, so long as we find Success?

Keary's Keys.

I confess I should like to take this new St. Peter out to lunch one day, not so much to relieve him of the keys of his safe as to subject him to psychological dissection. I should endeavour to find out why he went out of his way to choose Success as his idol. Surely a person with one fixed idea sings the praises of what he believes himself to possess? A man like a barber's block proclaims the prime importance of manly beauty; the atavistic abortion who comes from the backwoods to the House of Lords thinks there is nothing like blue blood; the bloated rogue with the moneybags imagines that the essential is wealth and talks of how much people are "worth." Arguing by analogy, I can only suppose, after a diligent study of Keary's collected works, that he regards himself as an embodiment of Success. Having only heard of him as a patron of art, kindly magistrate, a purveyor of printed matter, and a genial gentleman, I was obliged to turn to the pages of a reference book to find out the precise character of his triumphs. But there, to my disappointment, I found little more than the facts that he joined the staff of *Tit-Bits* in the year of Our Lord 1884, and that his recreations are: "Golf, cycling, and anything that comes along." Well, an express train comes along, and I can only conclude that Peter takes a delight in confronting one. Otherwise he would certainly not have sent me his book to review.

The Cult of Contrast.

But Success alone is not the Kearyite fetish. To secure a permanent niche in his hagiology it is necessary to come out on top, as he would say, from the utmost obscurity. From office boy to shipping monarch, or from workhouse to Westminster is the kind of journey he admires. Anyone who had drifted from rag-picking to brain-picking would seem to him a hero. But sometimes his antitheses are not very sensational. Thus, we have a whole chapter relating how one Gamage progressed "from counter-jumper to merchant"—not a very long journey, after all. And we are told of a certain Mr. Jerome being "clerk, schoolmaster, and actor before he became journalist and author." Whether this is progress or degeneration must remain a matter of taste or opinion. Indeed, I am half-inclined to ask little Peterkin: "What good came of it at last?"

Successful Sanctity.

When Mr. Keary is lurid, he is very, very lurid. He describes an impossible poem by John Milton as "the most glorious creation of the intellect of man!" and he only redeems himself from absurdity by adding a note of exclamation, probably intended to warn us that he is joking. Again, he goes perilously near blasphemy when he alludes to St. Augustine as the "blackguard who became a saint." This is certainly the first time sanctity has been put forward among the stigmata of success. Happily, however, Mr. Keary, though evidently an ardent theologian and a zealous abhorrer of heresy, does not attempt to define either blackguardism or saintliness. He contents himself with telling us in his own beautiful language that, in St. Augustine's nature, "the god and the beast, good and evil, heaven and hell, the angels and the fiends, were all represented in full strength." What a turmoil!

Cracked Cobs.

Being a cobbler of books, Mr. Keary naturally takes a particular interest in the more practical members of his profession. He tells us that one of the most interesting little books he knows is entitled "Lives of Illustrious Shoemakers," in which a gentleman, appropriately called Winks, has collected the biographies of over sixty cobblers who do not stick to their lasts, which, in my innocence, I imagined was expected of cobblers. One of them became an admiral; another wrote "a world-famous poem," of which, I must confess, I never heard; another rose from the shoemaker's stool to the editor's chair, which may or may not have been a glorious ascension; while another was actually put into a novel by that half-forgotten author, Charles Kingsley. As Alton Locke, the character in question, was one of those dogmatic, ill-educated people, stuffed with ill-digested knowledge such as the Early Victorian delighted to honour, it may be thought that he would have done better to go on mending boots.

Plethoric Pedantry.

But he proved an ideal Kearyite hero, as the following extracts show: "He studied Euclid, committed Hamlet to memory, and occasionally fainted over his books." Many of us might consider this evidence of indigestion rather than of genius, but it will not arouse surprise in view of the fact that he actually learned four books of "Paradise Lost" by heart, or by rote, which in that case may mean the same thing. "Death seemed so near that his Methodist friends prayed with him." This does not sound as if he were of a very pious temperament, or in the habit of engaging in regular devotion. In any case, prayer does not commend itself to Mr. Keary as a curative exercise, for we read: "*However*, he rallied and became a schoolmaster." "Then he fell in love and resumed the writing of poetry." Not an unusual symptom of the disease. "Finding that, although he could read French, he could not pronounce it, he went through a course of reading with a professor"—who happened to be an Italian! Later on, he took to rioting, and was sentenced to two months' imprisonment. On his release, he "made his Greek Testament his daily companion," the hat was sent round, and charitable sympathisers provided him with an annuity. This, according to Mr. Keary, is "Success after Failure," but I venture to submit not such flamboyant celebrity as our author is wont to sing. "Read Alton Locke," he concludes with amazing modesty. "It will interest you much more than this slight sketch." Is that possible?

Baby Bathos.

Then we have the "schoolmaster who kept on smiling"—evidently an example of misplaced fortitude—and the "temperance orator who started life as a drunkard," not perhaps, an unusual transition from one extreme to another. I could fill many pages with other examples of bathos and futility and childishness, but I will content myself with the climax of the story of Diderot, "one of the world's greatest puzzles." Here we have the quintessence of Keary, our philosopher and friend, at his brightest and best:—

> Twenty years later Diderot, two minutes before his death, was leaning on his elbows eating an apricot. His wife scolded him for eating the fruit.
>
> "How the deuce can that hurt me?" he replied, and fell back, gasped once or twice, and all was over.
>
> How could an apricot, how could death itself, how could anything hurt the man who had written an entire Encyclopædia?

How indeed? Unless he swallowed the stone.

TWO WAYS OF DOING IT.

A few days ago the Edinburgh Town Council accepted a German tender for goods required, although that of Messrs. Merryweather and Co. was only £43 higher. Much about the same time the Toronto City Council awarded a contract for 12,500 dollars' worth of iron pipes to a local firm, whose price was 270 dollars higher than the tender made by Messrs. Stewart and Co., of Glasgow.

Stephens' Typewriter Carbons

are clean to handle and very durable.

A light touch gives sharp impressions.

Medium or light weight – purple, black or blue – f'cap or 4to. 1/6 per doz.

A STUDY IN FARM COLONIES.

BRITISH AND GERMAN.

As a great number of people swear by the "Back to the Land" theory, we propose to contrast the British and German farm colonies as carried out in actual practice in this country.

BRITISH.

At Hadleigh, in Essex, near the mouth of the Thames, is the Salvation Army farm colony. It consists of close upon 3,000 acres, most of which is under cultivation. The men employed there number 250, and during the year 1909 these men were to the extent of ninety per cent. received from the different shelters, and tramps taken on at the colony gates. So much for the class of men. Here are the different departments of the colony and the number of men employed thereon:—Market garden, 139; farm, 50; brick-making, 21; poultry farm, 4; dining hall, building and repairing, 32; various, 4. There are 37 regular employees such as ploughmen, carters, brick-burners, etc.

When a man applies for admission he must sign a probationer's declaration and agreement. (1) To submit unconditionally to all the rules and regulations which exist now, or hereafter may be framed. (2) That he agrees to accept whatever clothing may be deemed necessary for working in, and that if he leaves the colony with such clothing, without first receiving written concession, he renders himself liable to prosecution for theft. (3) That any clothing worn on admission to the colony may be destroyed, should the officer in charge so decide. (4) That no compensation will be claimed for such clothing destroyed, and that on leaving the colony the man will accept such clothing as may be given him in substitution. (5) That the man will remain on the colony at least three months and not apply for outside work, neither will be ask other remuneration than food and shelter in return for labour. (6) Not to leave the precincts of the farm. (7) To be subservient to the officers in charge, and not to take intoxicating drinks. (8) To attend regulation Sunday meetings and such others as may be arranged. After three months probationer's course, the colonist is given sixpence a week pocket money.

The number of hours per day each man actually works is nine. Both food and shelter go by grades. Discipline is maintained through the stomach.

The Salvation Army bought the Hadleigh lands about 20 years ago, and they have been running it at a loss ever since. For the past three years the loss has been:—1907, £2,947 11s. 2d.; 1908, £3,062 8s. 8d.; 1909, £2,719 17s. 0½d.

Now let us look at the other system.

GERMAN.

Lidbury Hall is a freehold estate of 345 acres and is situated near Ware, in Hertfordshire. It is a farm colony for all German-speaking people.

Those seeking admission first of all apply at the London office, in Shoreditch. There is no hard and fast rule as to the length of stay; each case is taken on its merits.

The working hours average nine a day, and after allowing 14s. a week for board, lodging and clothing, each man is paid one shilling and eightpence a week as wages. Tenpence is paid in tokens; these can be exchanged at the stores for tobacco, writing paper and such like. The other tenpence is placed to the man's credit each week, and when he leaves the colony it is given to him in a lump sum. Those colonists who desire to return to the continent have a free ticket given them after a stay of two months.

Three good meals a day are supplied to each man. There are no grades of diet. Discipline is maintained by acquainting the man that if his conduct is not all that it should be he will be expelled.

So much for the two schemes. Now let us go more closely into their accounts, and endeavour to compare them.

The acreage of the Salvation Army colony is nine times that of the German colony, yet it only finds employment on it for 150 more men. The administration and management expenses at Hadleigh are £1,900, as against those at Lidbury, including the London office, £1,000.

Every department at Hadleigh is run at a loss with the exception of the poultry farm, which shows a profit of £5 12s., while at the German colony every department but one, the pickle factory, which lost £17 10s., is run at a profit. In the German colony the men have been helped to the extent of £900 in addition to their wages.

The amount of money granted from the Central fund of the Salvation Army to its farm colony was £2,500, while the subscriptions and donations to the German colony, including £500 from the Kaiser, was £2,000.

Taking the accounts as a whole, the balance excess of expenditure over income for the Germans is £185, and that of the Salvation Army £2,700. What says the Army?

"THE L.C.C. AND A WORKMAN."

FRIENDS TO THE RESCUE.

We have received the following letter from L. Downham, to whom we referred in our issue of October 16th, 1909, and more than once afterwards, under the heading of "The L.C.C. and a Workman." It will be remembered that Downham was discharged from the service of the L.C.C. for a very trivial offence, if offence it can be called, and that he was afterwards charged by the officials of the Council with theft—a charge kicked out of Court as soon as it got there. Since then he has been trying without success to obtain work. It will be seen from the letter below that friends have now clubbed together to find him money for his passage to the United States. He is young and energetic, and we can only hope that he has before him in another country an honourable and happy career. We have looked after the ring.

> Just a line to tell you that I have been able to raise enough money to pay my passage. So I would like to thank you for the help you have been to me this last few months, especially as you thought of me and my little ones last Christmas. With reference to your gift to me, I thank you for the true documents you published on my behalf. I have been the victim of a great injustice all through. It has ruined me so far. I was offered the Poplar Union this week, but I have been able to keep outside, thanks to JOHN BULL readers. I am a member of the League, and I shall wear the badge in New York, and shall want a copy every week, if I can get it. I am sorry to have to tell you as you know the saddest thing of all is my wife's wedding ring, the last thing we could put away, is still away, and the anniversary of our wedding is March 12th, and I am leaving her for God alone knows how long. I have tried to redeem it, but failed, for I should like to have put it on her finger before parting, for I feel I am driven away from England by the L.C.C. taking my living away, as I have failed to get work to do through them. So if you think you could help me in any way, I shall be very much obliged to you. Thanking you once again for your past help.

THE LUNACY LAWS.

We are glad to hear that a public meeting is about to be held in London to protest against the present working of the Lunacy Act, 1890, and to insist:—

1. That lunatic asylums are only for mad people whose illness is of a chronic nature, or who are dangerous to themselves or others.
2. That all recent cases should be legally managed and supervised with a view to recovery in hospitals suitable to such cases.
3. That it is cruel to incarcerate recent acute cases, who would in all probability recover, amongst a number of raving lunatics, it being in every way unjustifiable to thus brand them with the stigma of lunacy.

All who consider they have been unjustly confined or detained in an asylum are requested to communicate with Doctor Forbes Winslow in writing, with full particulars of their cases. His address is 11, Burwood Place, Connaught Square, W.

THE SPRING RECESS.

Valet to Mr. Asquith: "Shall I get return tickets, sir?"
Mr. Asquith: "Well, I don't know whether I'm coming back."

'THE TIMES' HISTORY
OF THE
War in South Africa.

A Remarkable Offer.

The Times History of the War in South Africa, which is edited by Mr. L. S. Amery, was designed to preserve in complete and adequate form a lasting record of this great and stirring event in the national history.

The Caxton Publishing Company, in view of the enormous interest aroused by the long-awaited issue of the last volume of this magnificent work, beg to announce that they are now able, by special arrangement with *The Times*, to supply *The Times* History of the War in South Africa on very advantageous terms of payment. They are prepared to deliver the seven volumes complete for a small first payment, the balance to be paid by monthly payments.

The Times History embodies the chronicle of the struggle to prevent two important States passing under non-British influences and becoming centres of foreign intrigue, opposition and hostility. Mr. Amery has produced a narrative that never once allows the interest to flag—the reader is taken on through the history of one engagement after another—through the darkest moment of defeat to the time when the national purpose was realised in the annexation of the Republics. Some idea of the detailed carefulness that underlies the brilliancy of the writing may be gathered from the fact that thirty-seven pages are devoted to the battle of Magersfontein, and that every actual engagement receives equally full treatment.

For the Practical Citizen.

It is a hopeful sign of the times that the average citizen no less than the professional soldier is beginning to take a keen and a more intelligent interest in the magnificent and costly paraphernalia of the Army. In *The Times* History of the War he has—in addition to a thrilling narrative that carries him along through the whole history of that long and arduous campaign—a masterly series of sections dealing with the business of the war. This work really shows what it claims to show; how the soldiers who fought in South Africa were raised; how they were conveyed to the front by sea and rail; how they were kept supplied with victuals on the march; how they were replenished with all necessities, from horses and mules to boots and ammunition; how they were attended when sick and wounded; all about the Army's medical service, martial law, the military administration of the conquered territories; and last, but not least, the finance of the war. These are matters on which the average Englishman knows little, and that little is very often all wrong. And *The Times* History of the War gives him all this necessary information presented in the most interesting and the most enthralling manner.

The Completeness of the Work

cannot be over-stated. It opens with the relations of the Imperial Government and the Dutch Republics in South Africa; tells of the causes that led to the crisis, and of the protracted negotiations that preceded it. It then describes and contrasts the military systems of the conflicting nations, and presents the narrative of the fighting from the time of the ultimatum down to the Battle of Colenso. Here follows a trenchant indictment of the Army system and of the principles that allow so much splendid material to be wasted. Then the History of the War is carried on to what was perhaps the moment of greatest triumph. The successful operations under the command of Lord Roberts are detailed; followed by the long harassing period of guerilla warfare that lay before Lord Kitchener, until the declaration of peace and the repatriation of the country.

This work is the result of more than seven years' work upon unrivalled material gathered from both sides. Every possible source of information has been ransacked. The chapters as they were finally written were submitted for criticism sometimes to as many as a hundred persons, whose testimony upon the incidents treated would be of especial weight—indeed, it may almost be claimed on behalf of the History that of the surviving combatants mentioned in its pages all on the British side, and most of those who were in the service of the Republics have been consulted upon the chapters which concern them.

For the Soldier.

The value of this work to the professional soldier is very great; and it is considerably enhanced by the magnificent series of maps and battle-plans, in colour, which present not merely the scene, but the day and the very hour of each engagement. These excellent maps enable the reader to follow the operations with the greatest ease. In addition there are technical sections written by military experts that deal with mobilisation, improvisation, transport supply, remount, armament services and administration of the regiments that fought in this great war. The whole work, which includes a useful bibliography, supplies invaluable material for the soldier for study and comparison.

The Times History of the War includes 200 magnificent portraits, by the Rembrandt photogravure process, some fine plates in half-tone, and the splendid maps and battle plans, in colour, of which there are fifty-five.

TWO OPINIONS.

The *Daily Telegraph*:—

"It is absolutely frank and fearless; every page bears witness to the immense pains that have been taken to arrive at the truth, and if that truth is not flattering to the national pride, the fault at the bottom lies with the nation itself."

The *Standard*:—

"Mr. Amery and his colleagues have spared no effort to make the story of the struggle complete and impartial."

A FREE BOOKLET.

We have prepared a handsome detailed prospectus, which will be sent free to those who apply for it, giving all information concerning this great work, and the very easy terms on which we are prepared to supply it. It details the various sections, and gives the name of every one of the maps and battle-plans.

THE CAXTON PUBLISHING COMPANY,
SURREY STREET, LONDON, W.C.

Please send me, free of charge, and without any obligation on my part, detailed prospectus giving fullest information as to "The Times History of the War in South Africa," with particulars of your terms of monthly payments.

(Send this form or a postcard mentioning JOHN BULL.)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

THE LABOUR EXCHANGES.

A man named Kettenus has called upon us to complain of his treatment by the Labour Exchange Central Office, Board of Trade. Kettenus was out of work and applied to the Central Office to help him. On the 19th January he was appointed resident caretaker at the Hackney Labour Exchange, Well Street, at a weekly salary of 15s. He was to provide all brushes, brooms and cleaning materials of every description required to keep the place in order, and he was to be provided with fuel and light. In addition to his duties as caretaker he was to be available in the daytime as messenger when required. Kettenus states that this latter duty meant 8 hours' work per day, for which he was to be paid 2s. 6d. He kicked against this, and they relieved him of it, so that he is now caretaker at 15s. He says that it costs him 1s. 6d. a week for brushes and other things to do his work with, and that it takes 74 hours a week to keep the large buildings of which he is in charge in proper order. The pay seems small, but is there not an old saying about beggars not being able to be choosers?

THE SALVATION ARMY.

A correspondent has sent us a reply he has received from the Salvation Army headquarters in answer to his enquiry as to what they had to say about the allegations in John Bull, as found in our article of March 19th, page 346. The Salvation Army authorities sent our correspondent a cutting from the *Daily Chronicle* reporting an interview with which we have already dealt, and that is all. Since previously referring to the matter we have received a copy of "Immigration Facts and Figures," issued by the direction of the Canadian Minister of the Interior, and we find in it the following intimation:—

Farmers, farm labourers, and female domestic servants are the only people the Canadian Immigration Department advises to come to Canada. All others should have definite assurance of employment in Canada before leaving home and have money enough to support them for a time in case of disappointment.

That is a very honest and proper statement, but how is it to be reconciled that the standing advertisement of the Salvation Army, which runs:—

Great demand for workers in Canada. Men and women. Accommodation on steamers being rapidly taken up. Immediate application necessary.

There is nothing here to suggest that farmers, farm labourers and female domestic servants are the only persons who should go to Canada without money in their pockets, or a guarantee of work. It is true that the Salvation Army advertisement goes on to say:—"Work guaranteed." But that is a worthless guarantee. The Salvation Army ought not to induce men to go to Canada in the belief that however unskilled they may be, however unused to farm work, they will find employment as soon as they get there. They should be honest and tell the truth, as the Canadian Government tells it in the paragraph we have quoted.

BIRTHDAYS OF THE WEEK.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREETINGS.

March 27th.—E. T. Reed.

May many years elapse before
Old Death, the farmer, reaps
And stacks away the author of
Those "Prehistoric Peeps."

March 31st.—William Waldorf Astor.

"Money talks," is sometimes said,
Likewise "Money earns."
You've sufficient to ensure
The happiest "returns."

March 31st.—Andrew Lang.

On shortening life you should not brood,
Though now your head's like snow;
If publishers' "returns" are good,
That's all you need to know.

April 3rd.—C. F. Moberly Bell.

Time flies, yet still *The Times* remains,
In ponderous words the news to tell;
May it be long ere it contains
The *obit* of C. Moberly Bell.

A RAILWAY COMPANY AND ITS SERVANTS.

Mr. S. Collier has called upon us to complain of his treatment by the London Underground Electric Railways (Bakerloo). Collier has been in the service of the Company 4 years, first as porter, then gateman, then liftman, then conductor, and at the time of the grievance to which we are about to refer he was Assistant Station Master at the Down Street and Dover Street Stations. It seems that on Sunday, February 20th, after he had been on duty some 9 hours, he crossed the street to get a glass of bitter and a sandwich. He did not remain even to eat the sandwich but drinking the bitter he came away. One of the Company's detectives saw him go into the public-house and the result was that he was summarily dismissed.

That seems very harsh treatment. Collier had never had the slightest complaint made against him by the Company. His record was perfectly clean, and throughout his life he had been an extremely well-behaved man. Prior to his going to the Bakerloo Railway he was 4 years with the Telephone Company, and left them with an excellent character, and prior to that he was 12 years in the Army in the 2nd Battalion of the Coldstream Guards, his certificate on discharge being marked "very good." This summary dismissal of a good and faithful servant seems on the face of it difficult to defend.

A MAN AND A DOG.

We have received the following:—

During the last few weeks I have been casually employed at the Tooting Bec Asylum as fitter's mate, and an incident has come under my notice upon which I think you could say a few words.

On the 15th ult., an attendant named Sam Woods died of pneumonia. He went on the sick list on the 10th of last month, and during the time he was sick was attended by a male attendant from one of the lunatic wards who no doubt was a very good fellow and did his best, but was not in any way a qualified nurse. Now in this asylum there are three qualified certificated nurses, that is the matron, the assistant matron, and the sick staff nurse, whom they call the sister. The first two applied to the powers that be—that is the medical and the steward—to be allowed to nurse this attendant, but permission was apparently refused. I believe that most doctors are agreed that the most essential thing required for this particular illness is careful nursing.

Now for the other side of the question. On the 19th ult., the steward's dog fell ill, and I myself saw the head porter and an ordinary porter spend the whole of that morning dosing and attending that dog in the outside staff's mess-room, and the same head porter led that dog about for an hour in the afternoon.

Now, Sir, I should like to know the answer to this little sum. If two men must attend a dog whch is not well, how many of those qualified nurses ought to have attended that man dying of pneumonia?

A FATHER'S COMPLAINT.

Mr. J. Fentiman has called on us to complain of the action of the Sittingbourne magistrates in sentencing his two little boys and another to be birched. It seems that a small girl with whom they were playing knocked her ball from the road into the shrubbery. The boys went after it, and to get it had to get over a 6ft. wall and up a bank, doing damage to shrubs, as was alleged, to the extent of 2s. The father of the boys—little more than children—offered to pay for the damage done, but the magistrate sentenced them to be birched. It would surely have been better to have handed the boys to their parents for punishment.

The Practical Correspondence College, of 26, Thanet House Strand, W.C., is an institution which undertakes to give training in the theory and practice of Advertisement Writing, and points to splendid prospects and large salaries in the advertising profession. Now to claim that anyone can learn ad-writing and make money by practising it, is ridiculous on the face of it. The directors of the P. C. C. make no such claim. They maintain that ad-writing is a coming profession, and one in which there is an unceasing demand for men and women with brains, and that the course of instruction they provide can, and does, help such men and women to increase their earning power. They maintain, further, that a study of advertising is invaluable as a business training for those whose ambitions aim higher than the shop-counter or the counting-house desk. We have examined the lessons, and the individual criticism of students' work which form an essential part of the training, and we are satisfied that the claims of the College are well based.

What Is The Business Encyclopædia?

You may have heard something about the Business Encyclopædia; you may even have thought that the Business Encyclopædia might be of service to you in the continual difficulties and perplexities of your Business day and to equip you with that systematised and Expert Business knowledge without which you cannot hope to make your mark in the Business world.

It will pay you to read and consider this plain statement of what the Business Encyclopædia really is, *i.e.*, a Business tool, and, therefore,

You Cannot Afford To Be Without It.

In the first place, it is an Encyclopædia of a very special, indeed, of a quite unique sort. While there are many Encyclopædias of universal knowledge on the market, nearly all of them exclude practical information treated from a practical standpoint. They ignore altogether the multifarious interests of the Business man.

The aim and object of the Business Encyclopædia is to afford this special information. It is an Encyclopædia of practical affairs, and claims to be a unique work of reference, for there is no other book published on similar lines in England; although both in Germany and in America, Encyclopædias dealing with specialist business knowledge have long been in use amongst Business men.

The Business Encyclopædia, then, deals only with one subject—the great and increasingly important subject of Business. But it covers every branch and every department of this immense subject, and it extends to every matter that has any connection directly or indirectly with it.

Do you realise the importance of this work? Do you realise how it affects you?

Here is a work produced by Business Experts and written by Business men. It includes within its covers all that expert and specialist information, the want of which leads to loss of time, temper, and money in many busy offices every day of the week. On this count alone, the Business Encyclopædia is the most important Business work that ever was published.

The Young Man Must Have It.

But the Business Encyclopædia is more than a work of reference for busy Business men—more than a time and money saver. It is a Business tool, and one that no young man, standing on the threshold of the Business world, can afford to ignore. It contains thousands of concise articles on every one of those matters that, properly regarded, constitute the stock-in-trade of the ambitious young man. Here he may study and make himself conversant and thoroughly efficient in everything that relates to Business—a sound and authoritative knowledge of which—even of those items that do not appear to concern him at the moment—is the key to success for the man who means to succeed.

And he can do this without paying heavy fees to Tutorial Business Colleges, and without leaving his comfortable room in the evening.

Such subjects as Accountancy and Book-keeping—which are the very pivot on which business enterprise turns; Banking, Cheques, Bills, Drafts, and Banking Law; Financial Principles and methods as they concern monetary, company, and Stock Exchange investments and speculations; Advertising, by means of which a commercial enterprise can alone be successfully developed and maintained; the principles and practice of Importing and Exporting; methods of dealing with carriage of goods by Rail; Insurance; Taxation; and System or Organisation in general—so that business may be created and extended on the most economical lines.

These are, indeed, the things a practical and sound knowledge of which means, sooner or later, to the young man who has acquired it—promotion, achievement, success. But it must be expert knowledge. And it is expert knowledge. The Business Encyclopædia contains sound legal advice on business and personal matters, the legal aspect of all the relationships of life, restrictions on special Trades, regulations under the Factories Act, licensing restrictions regulations applying to retail dealers, etc.

It is Written by Business Men.

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THE POLITICAL PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.—V

(This series commenced in our issue of February 26th.)

By John Corn.

Then *Commonsense* proceeded, saying, "Give more earnest heed to the things that I shall tell thee of. I will now show thee who it was that deluded thee, and who it was also to whom he sent thee. The man that met thee is one *Idealist*, and rightly is he so called; partly because he savoureth only of the things of the imagination, and partly because he loveth that policy which savests him best from the necessity of practical political work. Thou must abhor his turning thee out of the way; and thine own consenting thereunto: because this is to reject the light of honest reason for the sake of the fantastical visions of an *Idealist*. From 67, Long Acre, and from the way thereunto, hath this dangerous man turned thee, to the bringing of thee almost to destruction; hate, therefore, his turning thee out of the way, and abhor thyself for hearkening unto him."

"He to whom thou wast sent for ease, being by name *Socialist*, is the son of the bond-woman *Bureaucracy*, who is in bondage with her children; and is, to speak in a mystery, this very Mount *Revolution*, which thou hast feared will fall on thy head. Now, if she, with her children, are in bondage, how canst thou expect by them to be made free? This *Socialist*, therefore, is not able to set thee free from thy burden nor to save thy nation from destruction. Therefore, Mr. *Idealist* is a vain dreamer, and Mr. *Socialist* is a cheat; and as for his son *Labour Party*, notwithstanding his plausibility, he is but a self-seeker, and cannot help thee."

After this *Commonsense* called aloud to the genius of History for confirmation of what he had said: and with that there came words and fire and blood out of the mountain under which poor *Briton* stood, that made the hair of his flesh stand up. The words were "*A la lanterne!*—To the guillotine!"

Now *Briton* looked for nothing but general destruction, and began to cry out lamentably; even cursing the time in which he met Mr. *Idealist*; still calling himself a thousand fools for hearkening to his counsel; he also was greatly ashamed to think that the gentleman's arguments flowing from a distorted imagination, should have the prevalency with him as to cause him to forsake the right way. This done, he applied himself again to *Commonsense* in words and sense as follows:

Briton: "Sir, what think you? Is there hope? May I now go back and go up to 67, Long Acre? Shall I not be abandoned for this, and sent back from thence ashamed? I am sorry I have hearkened to this man's counsel. But may my foolishness be excused?"

Then said *Commonsense* to him, "Thy foolishness is very great, yet will they at Long Acre receive thee, for they have goodwill for men; only," said he, "take heed that thou turn not aside again."

Then did *Briton* address himself to go back; and *Commonsense* smiled on him and gave him God-speed. So he went on with haste, neither spake he to any man by the way; nor, if any asked him, would he vouchsafe them any answer. He went like one that was all the while treading on forbidden ground, and could by no means think himself safe, till again he was got into the way which he left, to follow Mr. *Idealist's* counsel. So, in process of time, *Briton* reached Long Acre, and got to Number 67.

(To be continued.)

OH, FOR THAT BUSINESS GOVERNMENT!

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ITS VERY FUNNY

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OPEN LETTERS AND POSTCARDS.

To the Mayor (Councillor Ballard) and Alderman Woodford, Magistrates, Poole.

GENTLEMEN,—Your decision in the strange case of Sir Melville R. Brown, Bart., has much astonished me, and, upon my word, my wonder is that it hasn't astonished yourselves. Let me recall to your minds, lest you have forgotten, what this ornament of the Baronetage did. P. C. Blues found him reeling along the streets blind drunk and using bad language. He refused to go inside the hotel where he was staying, despite the persuasions of the policeman, the barmaid, and the boots, and continued to use filthy language and threatened to shoot the officers.

Now, if Bill Smith or Jack Jones had been brought before you on serious charges of this kind, I take leave to suppose that you would not have been unduly tender with him. He would first of all have had to hear a long magisterial lecture on his disgraceful conduct, and he would then have had to pay a substantial fine with the usual alternative. But you don't get a baronet before you every day! The case being special, therefore, you had to treat it as special, wherefore you told Sir Melville that he would be remanded for a day, and that meanwhile a doctor would see him. I do not doubt he needed a doctor. This usually is also the want of Bill Smith and Jack Jones in similar physical condition.

If I had been in court when you certified for the doctor, I should have guessed that to-morrow you intended to be careful to keep the stains off the baronet's escutcheon. And what did happen on the morrow was, in fact, this, my dear justices: "Superintendent Brown"—I am quoting the local reporter—"this morning asked that the charge might be withdrawn, and stated that the man had been certified as not responsible for his actions. The magistrates agreed, and also that Sir Melville should be dealt with in the way which is usual under such circumstances." Mind you, I am not saying that our eminent friend *was* responsible for his actions; I only desire to inform you that I never heard of any other man who became drunk and disorderly, and used filthy language in the streets, and went to gaol for it, who was. My idea in writing this is not to blame you for being kind to the unbalanced baronet, but to ask you to be kind to Bill and Jack should they come before you on any future occasion in a similar state of wild and wilful irresponsibility. Please have the doctor sent for at once.

JOHN BULL.

To Police-Constable Thomas, Police Office, Manchester.

MR. POLICEMAN,—As I imagine you are about as sorry as it is possible for anybody in the circumstances to be, I don't intend to be too hard upon you in the matter of that wrongful conviction at Manchester due to the blunder you made in identifying the man Durker, subsequently sent to three months' imprisonment. Happily, it is a blunder which was early rectified by the arrest of another man who confessed to being guilty. There is this excuse for you, officer, I admit—the two men were very much alike.

Even so, I would impress upon you how dangerous it is for police officers to make mistakes of this kind; also how dangerous it is for magistrates to act at any time on the uncorroborated word of a policeman. In this case, not only did Durker himself protest his innocence before the magistrate, but the two men charged with him stated that he was not in any way associated with them. You were the only witness against Durker. The magistrate believed you against the testimony of all three. You were wrong. The magistrate was wrong because he relied upon your being right; and if by this time his faith in uncorroborated police evidence has not been rudely shaken, it probably never will be. The worst of the matter, or almost the worst of the matter for Durker, is that he has no remedy. He may get a "free pardon" for an offence he has not committed, after suffering imprisonment and disgrace! I really think sometimes that many of you policemen don't realise the gravity of the responsibility put upon you to be in the first place scrupulously accurate, and, in the second place, scrupulously fair. Your duty is not to get a conviction at any cost, but to assist the magistrate to get at the truth at any cost. I will say nothing more to you for the moment, except to express the hope that this lesson may be of value to you as long as you remain in the force.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. W. W. Joyce, Rector, East Pennard, Somerset.

REV. BROTHER,—I am writing these few lines to tell you how much I regret the sad state into which East Pennard has fallen. According to the brilliant, heart-broken reporter of one of the county papers, East Pennard is "a place where life should flow on in a placid stream unruffled by the vexations and cares, the jealousies and contentions which dog the footsteps of men who live in the towns and cities. It is a place where the painter should gain inspiration, the poet idealise, a dreamland for the lover and the maid, a haven of rest where sweet-doing-nothingness should await the tired worker who, arriving there, would imagine himself to be free from even the echo of storm and strife." Yet, after I have read three columns of his account of your parish meeting I am not sure that I know what the trouble is, though I am willing to take his word that "instead of this peaceful contrast the place is in a state of turmoil, the most deadly enmity is at work, directed against one whose sacred office should at least secure him fair and courteous treatment." Whatever you have done or failed to do, my dear rector, I think it is a scandal and a shame that the parishioners should drag the fair fame of East Pennard through the dust.

So far as I can gather, your chief offence consists in heckling candidates for the parish council. You wanted to know how they would vote on the various intricate problems which have begun to ruffle the placid stream which in the halcyon days of yore flowed unruffled through East Pennard's serene and beautiful life. Thus did you rouse one Bill Moody to wrath. At least he said, "Why don't thee let the business go to the meeting? Dammee, I shall cuss thee presently. Damm 'ee and devil 'ee, what good is it to go on with it like that?" I need not tell you, dear rector, how gratified I am that Mr. Moody refrained from cussing thee presently as threatened. I have carefully read the rest of the report and it appears that this was his only speech. When a man threatens to cuss and doesn't, I am bound to admire his self-restraint. For the rest, I am hopeful that, with the parish meeting over, East Pennard will soon venture to hold up its head once again, and that you, dear rector, will yet move amid its Arcadian charms greatly beloved by all who know you—at any rate until next Easter.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Archibald Depau, 9, Suffolk Place, Cornwall Road, Tottenham.

MY DEAR ARCHIBALD,—Did you get my last letter? You will remember I wrote it just after you went into Pentonville to do six months for being so awfully sleepy that you neglected your wife and children. You are now out, and I notice your wife is again complaining that the irresistible desire for sleep is upon you again. You long only for food and rest. Tottenham way you are known as the laziest man on earth, Archy, and your wife seems to be at her wit's end to know what to do with you. Personally, I should have no difficulty. I should starve you out and leave you to be re-arrested for travelling around without any visible means of subsistence. In the sweat of your face should you eat, or otherwise perish.

JOHN BULL.

To Aleister Crowley, Esq., Editor of "The Equinox."

MY DEAR CROW,—Congratulations on the result of your appeal. It is rather nice to have law-suits about Rosicrucian mysteries in this prosaic twentieth century. Incidentally, there is also a fine advertisement for your periodical. Meanwhile, I wish you would teach me to become invisible, to turn my enemy into a black dog, and to discover the buried treasures of the Djinn.

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. Cloudesley Brereton.

DEAR MADAM,—I have glanced at your little book on marriage, and have no doubt it is full of commonsense. But I fear you are an enemy to romance. A honeymoon, for instance, may be an artificial beginning, but it is rather nice. What an awful thing life would be if we were all so sensible and matter-of fact as you. I am afraid you are that most terrible of persons,—a female Kill-joy.

JOHN BULL.

"THE UTMOST SECRECY WILL BE OBSERVED."

H.M.S. "POLLING DAY."

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

By Verax.

Brighter Prospects after the Holidays—Rubbers, Kaffirs, Rhodesians, and Oil Shares Strong—South Americans in Favour.

The Stock markets have resisted the weakening influence of certain untoward events before Easter, such as a sudden advance in the Bank Rate, persistent, though false, rumours concerning the health of the King, and the severe congestion produced by a remarkable accumulation of bargains not yet carried through owing to members being under-staffed, with so much fortitude, that prospects after Easter should be unusually brilliant. The Bank of England is now obtaining a full share of the gold consignments from the Cape, and there is not likely to be any monetary stringency, while the big profits realised by lucky gamblers in Rubbers shares, in Mining, Oil shares, etc., are encouraging others to do likewise. Hence we have what used to be so difficult to obtain in the usual humdrum times *une nouvelle couche d'acheteurs*. And these new buyers are, moreover, enterprising and ready for a gamble. That means that we shall have continued activity in Rubber shares, in Rhodesian and Kaffir Mines, to be followed, probably, by a Jungle boomlet, and possibly by an Oil boom, although the *raison d'être* of the latter is not yet quite clear to me. Home Rails are out of the running again owing to fears of a Welsh coal strike, with the exception of the Southern Passenger stocks, with regard to which the coal trouble is ignored. Yankees, however, are flat, and there is quite an accumulation of "Bear" rumours in Wall Street. On the other hand, there is likely to be more business in South American Government and Railway stocks, especially as the Argentine and Uruguay dividend announcements are coming in, but this will not interfere with Gold Mining and Rubber shares. The further advance established in Plantation Rubber in Tuesday's Mincing Lane auctions to 10s. 8d.—11s. ¼d. will probably set the better class shares going again, although the rush of new prospectuses at the rate of £2,400,000 for the week is somewhat disquieting, and, upon the whole, I should give preference to Kaffirs or Rhodesians.

Solid Kaffirs *v.* Rhodesian Gambles.

There may not be so much excitement in operating in the Kaffir Circus as in the Rhodesian market, but you can undoubtedly calculate your chances far better, as the probable yield of the various parts of the Rand is now pretty well known, even where the mines have not yet been opened up. It is, moreover, possible to rely upon the reefs proving permanent at depth, and now that so many great combinations are being carried out, which will effect further reductions in working costs, and largely increase the Rand gold output, I foresee a very active period in the Kaffir Circus. The largest producers will then be the *Randfontein Central, Randfontein South, Cinderella Deep Cons., City Deep, New Steyn,* and the new *Modder Leases* just floated by Messrs. Barnato. Anyone laying in these shares and holding to the end of the present year is bound to realise handsome profits, even though they won't jump up like some of the Rhodesians. Some of the latter will probably go up like a rocket and come down like the proverbial stick, but others will, no doubt, rival the *Globe and Phœnix,* now 8⅛, or the *Surprise,* which in a few months rose to 3⅜. I do not betray any confidence when I state that in the near future a very important Rhodesian Company will be formed which will deserve the greatest attention. I am also told that there is something going on concerning the *Chartered Company* which will put the price of these shares much higher in the near future. My other favourites in the Rhodesian section were fully set forth in John Bull of March 26th.

Mexican Southern Ordinary from 93 to 105—A Brilliant Tip for "John Bull" Readers—Inter-oceanic of Mexico Second Prefs. Next.

Many readers of John Bull have profited by my tip to buy *Mexican Southern Ordinary* from 93 upwards. The price is now 105½, and I can well imagine that the fortunate investors who followed my advice will not rest on their laurels, but will seek for further good things in the same direction. Here, then, is their chance. The Company leasing the Mexican Southern is the *Inter-Oceanic Railway of Mexico* (Acapulco to Vera Cruz), *Limited,* which also leases the Mexican Eastern Line, and thus operates a combined system of 1,027 miles. The Inter-Oceanic's authorised and issued share capital is £4,100,000, as well as £1,150,000 each of 4 per cent. and 4½ per cent. Second Debenture stocks, and £469,459 7 per cent. "B" Debenture stock. The progress made by the Company may be estimated from the fact that the net receipts for 1908-9 were £234,719, as compared with £235,402 for 1907-8, and £194,804 for 1906-7, the ratio of expenditure having been 65.78 per cent., 70.06 per cent. and 73.65 per cent. respectively. The various Debenture stocks may now be regarded in the light of investments, while the junior securities have considerable speculative possibilities. The First Preference received its full 5 per cent. dividend for the first time for 1908-9, as compared with 4½ per cent. for each of the two preceding years, and it is not unreasonable to assume that this stock will gradually reach par, as compared with the present quotation of 95. The Second Preference stock is entitled to 4 per cent. per annum, but only received its first dividend in December last, viz., 1 per cent. It is quoted at 67, which a considerable advance upon the price of 30 ruling at one time last year, but it would not be surprising if the upward movement continues. When the accounts of the current year are made up, holders of the Second Preference stock should receive a further substantial distribution. Traffics have been on an increasingly large scale and, for instance, the traffic return for the week ended March 7 showed a gain of 24,480 dols., bringing up the aggregate increase from July 1, 1909 to date, to 664,650 dols., the latter including Mexican Southern from Jan. 1, 1910. There is also issued £1,700,000 of Ordinary stock, but there is no quotation for the same, and its prospect of entering the dividend stage is still very remote.

A Word with Lord Thurlow.

I mentioned, on February 19th, the complaint of a Bondholder in the Argentine Finance Corporation, who is unable to obtain payment of the January coupon. As Lord Thurlow is connected with the Company as "attorney in fact abroad," I asked him to explain the position. I mention the matter again in case my request has not come under Lord Thurlow's notice. The coupon is still unpaid!

Oil From the Empire.

Mr. J. D. Henry, the well-known expert and editor of the *Petroleum World,* in a special interview recently published, was enthusiastic as to the possibilities of oil within the Empire, and referred particularly to Trinidad, where he looks for a great impetus. Investors should give attention to Petroleum Options, Limited, which is boring for oil in Trinidad, and at 3s. or thereabouts the shares are a distinctly good chance. At the meeting of the Standard Oil of Mexico, the Chairman said the Company's area of eight square miles was surrounded by big producing undertakings, and that if the Standard Oil of Mexico area "does not produce oil in equal quantities, it will be next to a miracle." The "B" shares of this Company at 1—1⅛ are certainly under-prices as compared with the "A" at 6s. 6d.

Ceylon Consolidated Rubber Estates.

One of the best purchases in the Rubber market is Ceylon Consolidated Rubber Estates. The shares are 5s. each, 3s. paid up, and can be bought at about 3s. 3d. So far they have not been much dealt in, but I have reason to know that there will be active dealings at rising figures, and intending purchasers should move quickly. The Company is moderately capitalised, and owns some of the finest rubber land in Ceylon, so that there is ample justification for a material advance in market value.

Cobalt Silver and Porcupine Gold Fields.

A reader of John Bull at Elk Lake, Ontario having read in a recent issue a reference to the *Silver Bird,* a worthless mine on the Cobalt Silver Field, sends a communication in which he expresses the view that the *Silver Bird* was the worst wild-cat exhibition in the whole of Cobalt Camp. This is what my correspondent has further to say:—

> The property is absolutely no good. It is situated in a swamp nearly a mile above Cobalt and close to both the "La Rose" and "O'Brien" Mines (two of our best). Naturally, on paper with a nicely-prepared map it was just the thing to gull the public. Russel and Law, who worked the scheme, were laid by the heels. At least, Law was, but I think Russel is still in the States. The only stock which I think is available in London and which is good is "La Rose," standing just now at $4.50. Last dividend 8 per cent., but will probably go to 16 per cent. ere long. There is a big boom in this North country in "Porcupine Lake" after gold. I have not seen the country, and how can anyone make an examination with 4 ft. to 5 ft. of snow on the ground? But the tales of the surface showings are very tall. Have seen lots of good samples from surface, but nothing has been proved yet, so don't.

Fortunately very few were taken in here with the Silver Bird, although efforts were made at the time to place shares here, and the "La Rose" was brought here too late, when the cream was off. I hear, however, that the Porcupine Lake Goldfield is to be exploited in London, and it is to be hoped that no swindles will be attempted in this connection.

Niiambur Rubber Company.

I have received several enquiries respecting this Company, the 2s. shares, 1s. 6d. paid, in which recently were run up to 7s. 6d. I shall have more to say next week.

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL LETTER-BOX.

(1) Letters containing inquiries must be addressed to the City Editor, JOHN BULL, *2, Copthall Buildings, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but in token of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.*

(2) Correspondents should adopt either a nom-de-plume, or mention initials under which the replies will appear in the paper. The stocks or subjects inquired about should also be numbered.

(3) Replies are only made in the ordinary way through the columns of this journal under the above heading, and not by letter.

(4) In no circumstances will the proprietors undertake the sale or purchase of stocks or shares.

(5) If inquirers wish it, the names and addresses of respectable firms of stockbrokers, members of the London Stock Exchange, for transacting business, will be supplied to them, in which case a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

(6) A Postal Order for 1/- must accompany each Financial or Insurance Enquiry.

TWO INDUSTRIALS.—J. A.— (1) Thornycrofts have not done well, and you should take an opportunity to sell. (2) Also get rid of these shares.

IND COOPE DEBENTURES.—CHALK.—The views expressed appear to be justified by the position of the company, and you might take a favourable opportunity to realise.

PACIFIC OILFIELDS.—A READER.—Pacific Oilfields are a fair purchase of the kind, especially on a reaction, but dividends cannot apparently be expected for another twelve months. I send what you require in your envelope.

KAFFIRS, RUBBERS.—TRINIDAD.—(1) It is always the best course. (2) Yes, if you are prepared to face fluctuations. (3) Ditto. (4) Sell, if you have a profit. (5) If you run your shares, and thus buy more, you must be careful that you do not get out of your depth.

RUBBER COMPANIES.—LISTLESS.—You have done precisely what I have been warning my readers against—viz., applying for shares in new rubber companies, expecting to snatch a premium, and as this has not come off, you find yourself in the extremely uncomfortable position of being called upon to take up and pay for your shares. This, you say, you are unable to do, but the company are quite within their rights in calling upon you for the amount, and all you can do now is to throw yourself on their mercy.

MISAPPROPRIATED CHEQUE.—R. H. H. (Wealdstone).—I am exceedingly sorry to hear that you were so badly treated by a stockbroker who has been sentenced for fraud and forgery. I really think that a business so badly begun should not be followed up, but what you require has been forwarded.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—R. A. F. (Surbiton).—You should have nothing to do with any of these outside brokers, Nos. 1 to 3. They are all to be avoided. I will send you the name of a respectable stockbroker, member of the Stock Exchange, if you wish it. A LADY LOVER OF "J.B."—I strongly advise you not to send any money for the deals of the London Scottish Stock Exchange, or of the United Stock and Share Corporation, if you do not want to lose your money. You should deal only through a member of the Stock Exchange. J. M. (Ordnance Survey).—Gerson, Hamson and Co. have absconded, and, unfortunately, cannot be traced. EDGECUMBE.—All outside concerns of a more or less dubious character. Do not deal with them, or you will lose your money.

JAVA RUBBER SHARES.—E. R. B. P.—There is no market for these shares, and I am afraid you have been too hasty. My information is not satisfactory.

CANADIAN INVESTMENT COMPANY.—TRILOBITE.—I really cannot see any advantage in taking these 3½ per cent. Debentures up. They would be difficult to resell, you can do better nearer home.

PREMIUM BONDS.—TRULY PERPLEXED.—You have been very foolish to buy such Premium Bonds from a Paris concern with a high-sounding name, and to listen to others who advise the sale, who are equally doubtful. I send you the name and address of a respectable firm of foreign bankers in London, who make a speciality of Premium Bonds, and whom you should consult at once. C. S. (Scarborough).—Yes, this might be a good way, but deal only with a respectable firm of foreign bankers, whose name I send you. CONGO BOND.—This appears to be a shady concern, and you should bring pressure to bear at once, or you will lose both money and bond.

CIRCULARISING TOUTS.—BOARDER.—You have been very foolish to entrust the London and Scottish Stock Exchange, and the United Stock and Share Corporation with £10 each in their deals, and I am not surprised that you have lost some money. You should certainly have nothing to do with the two other outside brokers mentioned. In future, always consign such circulars to the waste paper basket. The only way is to deal with a member of the Stock Exchange

DRAPERY FIRM.—J. C. (Liscard).—It is very difficult to advise you. The firm is doing better, and it is just a toss-up whether it will be able to turn the corner. I must leave you to make a decision.

FOREIGN LOTTERIES.—H. S. (Grimsby).—Foreign lotteries are illegal in England, and I cannot help you in this matter, neither can I give you the names of intermediaries, who are usually very shady.

FOREIGN GOVERNMENT STOCK.—B. G. E.—You can buy Japanese 4½ per cent. Government Bonds, to yield you £4 11s. per cent., or if you will venture to South America, Argentine 5 per cent., Buenos Ayres Water Supply Bonds will pay you £4 16s. per cent. Brazilian 4 per cent. Loan of 1889, £4 10s. per cent.

WEST JEQUIE RUBBER.—ORMEWYN.—(1) These shares are rallying again at 6s. prem., and you should get out without a loss. (2) A broker would charge only one commission if selling again in the same account. (3) Certainly, if he is a member of the Stock Exchange. CARLTON.—You got very high into these Rubber shares, but should hold them now for an improvement.

RHODESIA COPPERS, ETC.—ZERO.—(1) Outside brokers. I advise dealing only with members of the Stock Exchange. (2) Rhodesia Coppers should be held, and will probably go better again presently, especially in view of the flotation of a sub-company.

RUBBERS.—H. C.—Of the three Rubber shares mentioned, Kamuning appear to be the most attractive. W. H. W.—With reference to your holdings of thirteen rubber shares, it would be advisable to take profits where you can get them. These new shares are usually more susceptible to adverse market influences than the established shares, and you might easily see them go to a discount if you hold too long. CUNCTATOR.—Yes, West Jequié should be suitable for an investment of about £50. SPT.—These Rubber shares are still an attractive speculative purchase. What you require has been forwarded in your envelope. SUNDRIES, M.Y.—(1) There is no market for these Rubber shares, so that a sale would be a matter of negotiation. (2) It should be worth while holding. (3) I am afraid so. I send you the address asked for.

SACKE ESTATES.—G. L. R.—I advise you to hold Sacke Estates. The company belongs to the prosperous General Mining group, and will probably be taken in hand again presently, especially when matters generally in Kaffirs improve.

OILS, RUBBERS, KAFFIRS.—INK-POT.—You paid very high for your shares, but should hold for an improvement, in view of the favourable statements made at the statutory meeting. (2) There is very little market for most of these new Rubber shares, and you had better take an opportunity to sell. (3) I do not advise an investment in this concern. PHOTO.—(1) There is no quotation for these Insurance shares, and you should sell if you can. (2) These Rubber shares are 2s. each 1s. 6d. paid, and quoted about 4s. premium; the profit is worth taking. (3) No option but to hold for an improvement, although these are not amongst my particular favourites. (4 and 5) I do not care much for these two shares, although the former is the better of the two. (6) Hold for an improvement, but defer a further purchase until more news comes to hand. SABAGE.—(1) Transvaal Exploring Land and Minerals, Amalgamated Props. of Rhodesia, and British and Colonial Investments. (2) Nyassa Rubber, Molesworth, and West Jequié. (3) Spies and Petroleum Options. What you require has been forwarded in your envelope.—JEOPARDY.—None of the shares in question are yet in sight of dividends. The Rubber shares should only be bought on reactions. The Rhodesians, now that they stand at a lower price, are worth attention at their present level. No. 7 are not quoted here, and a fair gamble amongst the Oil shares mentioned are Petroleum Options. (8) What you require has been forwarded in your envelope. A. P. M.—(1) Petroleum Options are a fair speculation. (2) Nyassas. What you require has been forwarded in your envelope.

SPECULATIVE INVESTMENTS.—CAUTIOUS (A. W.).—You could not do much better than invest in Cinderella Deep, Randfontein Central, and Randfontein South. The Rubber shares are much more speculative, being governed entirely by the course of rubber prices, which may be still higher presently, but which must come down as soon as production increases to any appreciable extent.

BROKER.—INQUIRY.—What you require has been forwarded in your envelope. The charges depend upon the class of shares dealt in, but this firm may be relied upon to make only reasonable charges. W. T.—What you require has been forwarded in your letter. The shares in question must, of course, be regarded as a speculative lock-up. INQUISITIVE.—(1) I send you the address of a suitable firm. (2) F. C. Mathieson and Sons, 16, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C., publish such mining handbooks. (3) Consult my weekly notes. (4) Sell this Railway Debenture stock, and buy something with more room for capital appreciation. (5) An outside concern; I advise dealing only with members of the Stock Exchange. (6) Yes, a satisfactory scheme, if you do not mind waiting some time for results.

MONTE VIDEO CORPORATION STOCK.—S. T. H.—This 6 per cent. stock is sound, and quoted at £100. As regards the Kaffir shares, there is no option but to hold, as they should recover again.

KENT ELECTRIC POWER COMPANY.—K. E. P. C.—This 4½ per cent. Debenture stock is quoted 84½, and is not very desirable, while the Priority shares are not quoted. I send you, as requested, name of a stockbroker, member of the Stock Exchange. I should think it would be best to sell this stock.

SMALL DEALINGS.—SMALLMAN.—I send you the address of a suitable firm in your envelope.

PALATINATE CHINA AND FIRECLAY COMPANY.—W. D. W.—I regret being unable to give you any information regarding this concern, which does not even appear in the usual books of reference.

SCARBOROUGH AND WHITBY RAILWAY.—LOW WATER (Leytonstone).—(1) The North Eastern. (2) Apply to the secretary at York. (3) Ditto.

PRESTEA MINES.—WEEKLY.—(1) Prestea Mines should be held for a substantial rise by the time the railway is working, say, within three months. (2) Nominal price. The company is apparently acquiring other interests so as to make the loss good. Some announcement may shortly be expected.

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE.—B. B. (Handsworth).—Did you not write the firm, "I don't say there is any mistake in the figures, but what I have said over and over again is that the price you arranged for me prevented me ever getting a profit"? The deal was opened at the official tape price upon receipt of your instructions. They cannot, of course, control the fluctuations which take place.

INSURANCE REPLIES.

Insurance Enquiries should be addressed Insurance Editor, 67, Long Acre, W.C.

RELIANCE FIRE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE CORPORATION.—J. A. A. (Leeds).—(1) The company was established in 1906. (2) In the circumstances described we should advise you to go to another company.

INDUSTRIAL INDEMNITY ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—E. S. C. (Dublin).—It is not suitable for your purpose. BULLITE (Woolwich).—The answer is in the negative.

THE LAW INTEGRITY INSURANCE COMPANY.—TYKE (Barnsley).—The answer is in the negative.

PURCHASE OF ANNUITY.—A. S. (Alyth).—At 65 for £1,000 the Sun Life of Canada would give you £11 14s. 2d., and I do not know any office of front rank that would give you more, or quite as much.

GRESHAM LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—DAWE (London).—Yes, it is in the front rank. We know of no reason why your friend should abandon his endowment policy.

THE LAW ACCIDENT INSURANCE SOCIETY.—H. H. L. (London).—Yes, certainly.

GUARANTEE SOCIETY.—SUPERINTENDENT (Exeter).—Yes, we think so.

SOLVENCY OF COMPANY.—PREMIUM (Liverpool).—There is not the slightest occasion for worry. The Company, although comparatively a young one, is in a strong financial position; and you may rely with confidence upon its meeting any engagements it may enter into.

UNFAIR INSURANCE.—C. O. (Birmingham).—It seems hard that after being insured against accidents for a number of years a company should decline to continue the insurance, but we cannot see the unfairness, since the company expressly state on the policy that they reserve the right to refuse a premium on the ground of health, and the case to which you refer is apparently that of an old man of 70, who just before Xmas met with an accident which "resulted in a broken rib, etc.," and "a slight attack of diabetes." You say that very few read the conditions on the policy. True, but the neglect bars them from complaint.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—H. A. N. (Rochester).—Your case is a hard one, but you must remember that the company necessarily relies upon such cases to establish its average, and you must admit that it is a very unusual circumstance for a person to insure for the purpose of burial charges at 73 and to be still alive eighteen years afterwards. But we should have thought the company might have offered you a little more than they seem to have done.

INSURANCE AGAINST CLOSURE.—GEE-KAY (Wrexham).—We do not know of any company that would insure against the club being closed; but try Lloyds, there is not much they will not insure—upon terms.

PURCHASE OF HOUSE.—J. C. (Seaford).—The Society you name is one of high standing.

AMALGAMATION OF COMPANIES.—H. F. (Leicester).—No assurance company may amalgamate with another, or transfer its business to another, unless the amalgamation, or transfer, is sanctioned by the Court in accordance with Section 13 of the Act of 1909. The Court will not sanction amalgamation in any case in which it appears to the Court that the life policy holders representing one tenth or more of the total amount assured in the company dissent from the amalgamation or transfer.

OWNERSHIP OF POLICY.—F. A. H. (Peckham).—On the face of it, the policy belongs to your wife. It is not for the office to inquire as to where she gets the money to pay the premiums. What the office think can be in no doubt, seeing that they have made a loan to your wife upon the security of the policy.

NORTH AND SOUTH INSURANCE CORPORATION.—H. E. G. (Charlton).—We should not increase the holding.

NEW CENTURY FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—A. L. (Pontypridd).—We regret your loss, but fear we cannot be of any assistance to you in recovering the payments.

THE SELF HELP INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.—A. P. R. (Norwich).—We have your letter. Can you send us any correspondence bearing out its statements?

GENERAL UNION MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION.—F. W. A. (Bath).—We advise another selection.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS.—C. M. (Streatham).—We think you would do better elsewhere.

ENDOWMENT POLICY.—T. J. (Downpatrick).—There is not much difference, but of the two companies you name the National Provident gives a slightly better result.

ENDOWMENT POLICY.—ACCOUNTANT (Tarquah).—We do not think you could do better than go to the Sun Life of Canada for the particular insurance you require

THE AWAKENING.

By Norton Folgate.

The pick descended again, and this time the hard substance it encountered gave forth a metallic ring. The lust of gold shone in the eyes of the two men, as they dropped excitedly on their knees, and feverishly tore away the intervening soil. Their most sanguine expectations were more than realised, for there before them lay the reward of all their labours—a mass of shining metal, representing a fortune greater than their wildest fancies had ever dreamed of. For a moment they were speechless then their hands met in a long hearty shake.

Then Charley Johnson stood on his hands in sheer delight, and Archie Harvey jumped and danced about the mine like an unrestrainable schoolboy.

For many months, through the short summer and the long dreary winter, the two men had toiled together in the sub-arctic settlement, endeavouring to wrest the precious mineral from the frost-encrusted claim. The long arm of coincidence having brought them together, and the fact that long ago they had attended the same school, induced them to throw in their lot with each other. There was, moreover, another and a stronger bond—the sympathy existing between men with similar aims and ideals; for both had given their hearts to girls, far away in the same southern city. Nevertheless they never exchanged confidences on this subject; and often, during the long freezing nights, each would take a photo from his breast, and gaze at it for long intervals at a stretch.

"Just think of it!" said Harvey, some hours later, as they sat alone in the rude log shack that sheltered them from the icy wind; "think what it means. Here we are to-night, the luckiest men in camp; our fortunes made; not a single care to worry us; and no necessity to do another stroke of work all our lives."

"Yes!" replied Johnson, "I can hardly believe, myself, that it isn't all a dream. You know what the struggle has been, and I've had a year more of it than you. No longer any sleepless nights; no further pangs of hunger; no more fruitless prospecting; no further sickening disappointment. Of course, you are going home at once?"

"Yes! I'm returning to where someone awaits me—the best little girl in the world. Her parting promise has often prevented me from abandoning the struggle when things were blackest. Her smile has often kept me straight; but for it, I might now be lying drunk in some low-down gambling den. How surprised she will be to see me again, and how delighted to hear of my success! Then the little country villa, and—Heaven."

"And I, also," said Johnson, "am returning to the girl who has been my inspiration and the angel of all my dreams, since I came out here. Often during the long nights I have watched the stars glistening low on the white horizon, imagining that her eyes were fixed on them at the same time, and that they conveyed a message of love and encouragement. I, too, might have succumbed to disappointment and despair, but for her. After all it was worth the struggle. She promised to wait until I had made my pile, and now our happiness will soon be complete."

"Charley," said his companion, "you are more worthy and deserving of her than anyone else in the world. We must both be married on the same day."

"And the girls," resumed the other; "I wonder are they thinking of us now. I wrote twice, but, of course, I've been moving about too much for the replies to reach me. You haven't been any luckier yourself, I suppose?"

"No!" answered Harvey, "my address, like yours, has been a bit too changeable. Anyhow I needed no such stimulus. A glance at her photo, and a remembrance of her sweet promises, have always been sufficient."

Harvey pulled out a photo and held it triumphantly at arm's length for the other to admire.

"She cannot be sweeter than mine," laughed Johnson, as simultaneously he plunged his hand into his breast and held his photo out proudly by the side of the other.

A cry of astonishment escaped both men as they gazed at the two photos.

A minute elapsed before the fierce expression died from the two men's faces; then their hands left their revolvers and they looked at each other significantly and laughed. A moment later they strolled down, arm in arm, to the nearest saloon.

THE LEAGUE OF THE EMPIRE AND CANADA.

A CANADIAN DOCTOR'S COMMENT.

On March 11th there was a meeting of the branch of the League of the Empire at Toronto to arrange plans for the bringing out of English boys of the middle-class, and securing them positions in Canada. In reference to this meeting Dr. Baugh, of Hamilton, Ontario, writes to us under date March 12th:—

The disillusionment of many young Englishmen coming to Canada under the auspices of the "League of the Empire," may not only prove very painful, but also very costly to them.

For nearly *forty years*, I have been the owner of farms, and have had during that period extensive business and professional relations with the farming community. I have watched the experiment of placing boys and young men of the "middle class" from England on Canadian farms, and the result has almost invariably been unsatisfactory. Some of the Barnardo boys have turned out fairly well and grown up to useful farm labourers, and a few of them have become tenants of small holdings. But these are exceptionally rare cases. Some of them succeed as small market gardeners in the vicinity of some big town or city, but most of them gravitate into the towns and cities and become ordinary labourers.

The native Canadian boy remains on the farm no longer than he can possibly help. He aspires to become a school teacher, a clergyman, a lawyer, a doctor, a commercial traveller, an insurance agent, or to some other genteel and lucrative position which will enable him to live in the town or city. But thousands of young Canadians leave their splendid homes on the farms and come into the towns and cities to earn their living as policemen, street-car conductors, and teamsters.

With this experience, I cannot approve of the scheme of the "League of Empire" to put boys of the English "middle-class" on Canadian farms. If this league wants to get something useful for its money, let it establish some kind of training schools in our big cities where these young Englishmen of the "middle-class" can be taught how to earn their living in the Canadian industrial and mercantile or commercial world. One or two years in such a school would be sufficient time under proper conditions to fit a boy for some useful and remunerative position in the community. The school might specialize and train boys for newspaper work; for railway work, including telegraphy; and for positions in banks.

Leave farm work to the English agricultural labourer with a wife and two or three children, who is willing to try his luck on a Canadian farm. Such a man, with a couple of hundred pounds and with ordinary luck and intelligence, can find plenty of opportunities to "get on" in Canada.

Finally, instead of Englishmen seeking to fill the most menial and unprofitable positions in Canada, let them aspire to the best in the land, and I feel satisfied not a few of them will get what they seek.

A TREAT FOR THE CHILDREN.

When dad is hanging pictures up,
  There's fun at home for all,
We love to see him strive to drive
  The nail into the wall;
Of course there's trouble with the steps,
  That's where the fun begins,
We laugh to see them double up
  And bark him on the shins.

But pa is one of those men who
  Such slight obstructions scorn,
He says, "I'll fix that picture there,
  As sure as you were born;
The man who tries and tries again
  Was never known to fail,
I've got the hammer in my hand—
  Just see me hit the nail!"

And then, high-mounted on the steps,
  He poses for the blow,
He takes an aim, with vicious spite
  He lets the hammer go!
He hits the nail, he hits it hard,
  We laugh till we are dumb
To see dad dance because he hit
  The nail that's on his thumb!

Ricardo.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

See page iii. of Cover.

"MEMORY, THE WARDER OF THE BRAIN."

The Pelman School Inaugurates a New Scheme by means of an Exclusive Offer to our Readers.

For years past the announcements of the Pelman School of Memory have been brought before our readers in these columns, but it was for the purpose of acquiring special information regarding a new departure by this institution that we recently paid a visit to the School. One of our pleasantest tasks was the inspection of testimonials from a great number of students, speaking in the highest terms as to the benefit they have derived from the course of training introduced to their notice by their favourite journal. It was gratifying to observe that these tributes came from all grades of society—from the head of an important Government Department, clergymen, barristers, solicitors, doctors and other professional men, down to small tradesmen, clerks, miners, labourers and domestic servants. Such a widespread effort for improvement in mental culture and financial position is a happy sign of the times. We were pleased to learn that much more interest is taken by the readers of JOHN BULL—even in proportion to its circulation—than by those of any other publication.

A New Departure.

Though the School has received so flattering a response to its advertisements in this paper, it mainly depends for its success upon the recommendations to their friends by ex-students, who can give that expression of personal experience which is invaluable. Hitherto this missionary effort, though gratefully appreciated, has been unorganised, but it has now been decided to create a corps of "Corresponding Secretaries," the members of which will be scattered all over the United Kingdom, in every city and town of importance. Convinced by their long experience as advertisers of the exceptionally widespread and valuable field afforded by this paper, the proprietors of the System are content to seek these missionaries, in the first instance, among its readers. They do not, of course, expect "something for nothing"—those who accept their offer will receive a businesslike, and what we believe will be found to be a mutually satisfactory, proposition.

Memory the Key to Success.

It would be very difficult indeed to exaggerate the importance of a good memory. In every department of life it is of inestimable value. The professional men referred to in our haphazard list probably require the strengthening of this faculty in order that they may more efficiently discharge their important duties. Those at the lower end of the scale—the clerks, workmen and domestic servants—are probably actuated by a highly laudable desire to improve their industrial and financial positions. To take one instance, it is obvious that the clerk who is able from memory and without hesitation to give his employer exact particulars of former transactions with a customer, will be advanced over the head of one who has to search files and ledgers for such information. A sign of the times is the large number of miners, textile workers and engineers who have lately taken up courses—probably with the idea of qualifying for the appointments recently created by the Government in the supervision of the working of industrial legislation.

No Mental Crutches.

We cannot, of course, enter here into a minute statement of the methods adopted by the School in its work—such details are naturally secret and a pledge to keep them so is obtained from each student. It may, however, be said that the Pelman System is in no way based upon mnemonics—the System is, indeed, directly antagonistic to such doubtful aids. Mnemonics only create the "memoria technica," the artificial memory, somewhat erroneously described in the Proverb as "plenty of memory and little judgment." A really plenteous memory goes hand in hand with sound judgment—and it is the building up of this sound judgment which the Pelman School first undertakes, by means of exercising the senses. "Sherlock Holmes" must have been a Pelman student, for it will be remembered that it was mainly by his power of observation of what are usually termed details that Conan Doyle's hero was always able to come out "on top." The Pelman School is not, of course, designed for the turning out wholesale of detectives, but the same exercise of the powers of observation and reasoning may be profitably employed, pecuniarily and intellectually, in hundreds of different ways, and among them is that of the bestowal of what would usually be regarded as a phenomenal memory.

Sharpening the Natural Senses.

Among the thousands of persons who have been enrolled as students (for the System has been taught for twenty years, in all parts of the world) there have occasionally been individuals who have imagined that the payment of a fee would purchase a talisman—probably vaguely thought of as a kind of masonic sign, or something in the nature of the Rarey horse-taming secret, so much discussed by our parents. Such persons are soon undeceived. The Pelman System is based upon the sharpening of the natural senses. It carries into practical effect the moral of the old story "Eyes and No Eyes"; it teaches one to see everything there is to be seen and then to remember it.

The Great Cure for "Mind Wandering."

In reply to the questions put to them upon enrolment, 99 per cent. of the students admit that they are more or less prone to "mind wandering," that is, they do not concentrate their attention entirely upon what they should be doing, but allow their thoughts to stray—if they are supposed to be listening to a person talking they are prone to let what is said "go in at one ear and out at the other." If asked, shortly afterwards, to repeat the exact sentence they "heard," they would reply that they "forgot"—the truth would rather be that they had never properly heard and understood.

This habit of inattention is, of course, almost universal and its cure is one of the chief aims of the Pelman System. Only when a student can say of his thoughts, in the words of Tupper, that they "tarried in my mind and peopled its inner chambers," are the School authorities satisfied on this section of the course.

An Offer to "John Bull" Readers.

The ordinary fee for instruction is well within the reach of all, but readers of JOHN BULL—as upon a previous occasion—will be allowed a substantial reduction. We have no hesitation whatever in advising them to write to the Secretary of the Pelman School, 15, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C., for full particulars. Those of them who have been through the course, and are convinced of its utility—and we have never heard of a dissatisfied student—are cordially invited to take up the Corresponding Secretaryships we have referred to; new pupils enrolling now will also have the same privilege.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

LAW, BUT—EQUITY?

Mr. George Smith, who keeps the Lord Nelson public house in Pershore Street, Birmingham, writes to us complaining of his treatment at the Birmingham Assizes last week. The facts, which are not in dispute, are these. On June 8th three men entered the Lord Nelson and levied an execution at the instance of a Mr. Sibley, tailor, of Broad Street. Mr. Smith said he did not owe, and had never owed, the tailor a penny. Nevertheless goods were seized and taken away to satisfy the claim, the worry of it all causing Mrs. Smith to give birth to a child prematurely, with serious consequences to her health. At the Birmingham Assizes Smith and his wife brought an action against Sibley for damages. The defendant admitted that he had levied in error. His debtor was another George Smith. Mr. Justice Jelf, who tried the case, ruled that the wife could not recover damages for the injury done to her personally. The jury awarded her husband £20 damages. But here comes the injustice. In the first place the defendant had paid £5 into Court admitting liability, and afterwards he paid another £21, denying liability. Mr. Justice Jelf entered judgment for the defendant with costs, making an order for the plaintiff to be paid £20, the money, however, to remain in Court as security for the defendant's costs. Smith tells us that these costs will "run into nearly £200." He is only in a small way of business, and the payment means ruin to him. We suppose the Judge had no discretion, since the damages awarded by the Jury were £1 less than the sum paid into Court, but Smith might well have been excused for thinking that £20 was very inadequate compensation for an illegal distraint which seriously injured his wife's health and, as he swore at the trial, damaged his credit, and lessened the takings of his house.

TRADE SECRETS.

In the course of a case heard in the High Court a short time ago a statement was made as to the law to which it may be useful to direct attention. The action was brought by Lorne and Alder, outfitters, against Humphrey and Crook, other outfitters, and damages were claimed for inducing an employee to break the terms of his service by procuring and using the names of the plaintiffs' customers. The action itself had nothing uncommon in it. Trade secrets are occasionally divulged, and sometimes a suit for damages follows. It is also well known that damages lie for disclosure of the kind, but it is not so generally known that the employer who takes advantage of such breach of confidence is also liable. In the course of the trial, Mr. Lush, K.C., laid down the law upon the point as follows:—

"If a person," he said, "secretly gives away information to a rival of his employer so that the rival may get the secrets of that business, not only does the servant, but the rival employer also, commit, an actionable wrong," a view of the law accepted, although apparently with some hesitation, by Mr. Justice Darling. It is obviously in accordance with equity, for if employers did not encourage this kind of dishonesty the employed would not be tempted to practise it.

BANKRUPTCY AND JERSEY CREDITORS.

A curious case has been brought to our notice. A man living in Jersey, and trading there, became insolvent, his debts being incurred to Jersey people. He came over here and filed his petition at Carey Street. It seems odd that the authorities here should have recognised insolvency due to debts without their jurisdiction, and for those only, but whatever the explanation, our correspondent was adjudicated bankrupt. He has now, as he tells us, paid 20s. in the £, and he has had, or is about to have his discharge. But he wants to go back to Jersey, and here the difficulty comes in. The Carey Street authorities have not remitted the monies he has paid to them to Jersey and he is, therefore, still in debt to his Jersey creditors. Now in Jersey there is a very active law of imprisonment for debt; not the roundabout, half-hearted, sort of thing we have here, but a very quick, searching law, and the law is that if you owe a man money he can put you in gaol and keep you there until it is paid, or until you have been there long enough to liquidate it at the rate of 5s. per week. So that our correspondent, who wants to go back to Jersey, must either pay his debts a second time or risk prison for an indefinite period. It is an odd state of things.

Why is Electricity so Popular?

What it is doing for Disease.

The wonderful strides that electricity has made in a mechanical way occasion wonder and admiration. It is performing with the greatest ease things that were considered impossible not more than ten or twenty years ago. Its utility in every branch of industry is almost boundless. Surely this twentieth century is the electrical age.

Nor is its utility in the sciences any less pronounced. Greater use is being made of it by the medical profession than by any other scientific men. Every experiment has justified its use, and even led to still greater progress. It is no wonder that those who have experimented extensively with it endorse it as the most wonderful curative force known in the world to-day. Some physicians have even gone so far as to discard the use of medicines in many cases where nothing but electricity is now employed.

The real secret of the wonderful effect electricity has upon the human body is embodied in the fact that it is nerve energy, Electricity and nerve force are identical. What is more natural therefore, than to cure any condition resulting from a lack of nerve force by the infusion of electric energy into the body. The weakened nerves and tissues lack their natural supply, and if some means can be employed whereby this life element can be restored, the chances of a cure are ninety-nine in every one hundred.

Dr. W. S. Hedley in his work, "Therapeutic Electricity, makes the matter very clear. He says:—"In Therapeutic Electricity, as in other branches of applied science, electricity owes its usefulness to the fact that it offers a ready and rapid means of transferring energy from one point to another. The electrical engineer, by various devices, transforms chemical mechanical, or other energy into electrical forces, and so makes the former reappear when and where he will, as light or heat or sound or motion. The medical man similarly transforms the same energy and transfers it, but this time it is destined to reappear as work in the shape of physiological action, physical effects, or electrolytic change on the various tissues and organs of the body.

There is no means so effective in using electricity as the "Ajax" Dry-Cell Battery. It infuses the nerves with its electric life while the patient rests. It is always charged and ready to give out its power whenever applied to the body. It is a self-charged electric generator, guaranteed in every case and strong enough to cure any case where electricity can conquer. It cures women as well as men. Thousands have been restored to perfect health through it.

The "Ajax" Battery is particularly appreciated by those who have tried it. In a recent letter from Mr. Geo. Cormack, Todholes, nr. Thurso, Caithness, is this statement: The Battery has effected a cure in my case. I am better in every way than I have been for years." Mr. John H. Thomas, 38, Morris Street, Morristown, nr. Swansea, reports his cure thus: "I have not been troubled a single night with my back since the first treatment." Another cure is reported by Mr. Chas. Cantle, 146, Upper Kennington Lane, Vauxhall, S.E.: "The battery acted like a charm. Though the pain and agony was killing me, in two days this horrible suffering was gone." There are thousands of such cases on record.

This wonderful battery is supported by the "Science Siftings" Certificate of Merit, and at the last International Exhibition held in London the medical judges unanimously voted the Diploma with Grand Prix and Gold Medal both for the battery and the system of applying the current. It is also endorsed by the Editor of "John Bull."

A book upon the subject has been published for free distribution among all those interested. It is a volume of eighty pages, which is brimful of the things all sufferers like to read. This nicely illustrated book does not cost you a penny, though it is well worth two guineas to anyone who will read it. Drop a postcard or a letter to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., and you will get the book per return of post in a plain, sealed envelope. (Advt.)

SHAKESPEARE A FARMER.

By "Retlaw."

A recent contributor to John Bull was at pains to prove that Shakespeare must have been "something in the City." In support of this theory, evidence in the shape of quotations from the poet's works was adduced. The interesting hypothesis was sustained with great plausibility; but it left me unconvinced.

For my own part, as a life-long student of the great dramatist, I had already formed the opinion that he must have been a farmer, and, towards the close of his agricultural career, a far from prosperous one. The plays teem with subtle suggestions which support, if they do not actually prove, the truth of this doctrine.

The poet does not hesitate to tell us the actual motive which prompted him to take up agricultural pursuits. The motive was—love; of which devastating passion he was, perhaps, the most masterly delineator. Says he—

"I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years."

Stirred by the affecting story of Jacob and Rachel, the poet seems to have bound himself apprentice to the plough for the period named, hoping that by the expiration of that term he would find himself in a position to marry. Whether or no the identity of Ann Hathaway is thinly disguised under the name of Jaquenetta, is a problem worthy of further research.

Having served his time at the plough, Shakespeare appears to have taken up a Small Holding, for, in plain, unmistakeable terms, he says—

"This field shall hold me."

From this modest beginning he proceeded presently to more ambitious operations, for we soon find him going in for stock and dairy farming on a fairly large scale. Says he:

"At my farm
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Six-score fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion."

That he also took up sheep-breeding must be obvious to all attentive readers of the plays; for therein we find him complaining to his shepherd of the insufficient accommodation provided for his flocks:

"Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons."

He appears, also, to have had a good deal of trouble with this same shepherd, whom he rebukes thus:

"How now, you whoreson peasant;
Where have you been these two days loitering?"

That the poet had sufficient reason for anger cannot be gainsaid; for, we gather, during the absence of the neglectful shepherd, some of the flock had wandered from the fold. Hence the lines—

". . . A sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away."

We next perceive signs of agricultural depression. Says Shakespeare complainingly—

"My flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not,
All is amiss."

For, he continues in explanation—

". . . . . the rain it raineth every day."

It was probably about this time that the poet took up poultry farming. We find him appraising the condition of a flock of geese. Michaelmas, probably, is close at hand. He is looking for a plump bird:

"Ay, that's a fat goose,"

he says. But the bird, filled with forebodings as to its approaching fate, resents his attentions, and, in vulgar parlance, "goes for him."

"Nay, good goose, bite not!"

cries the poet, doubtless making a more hasty than dignified exit from the poultry yard.

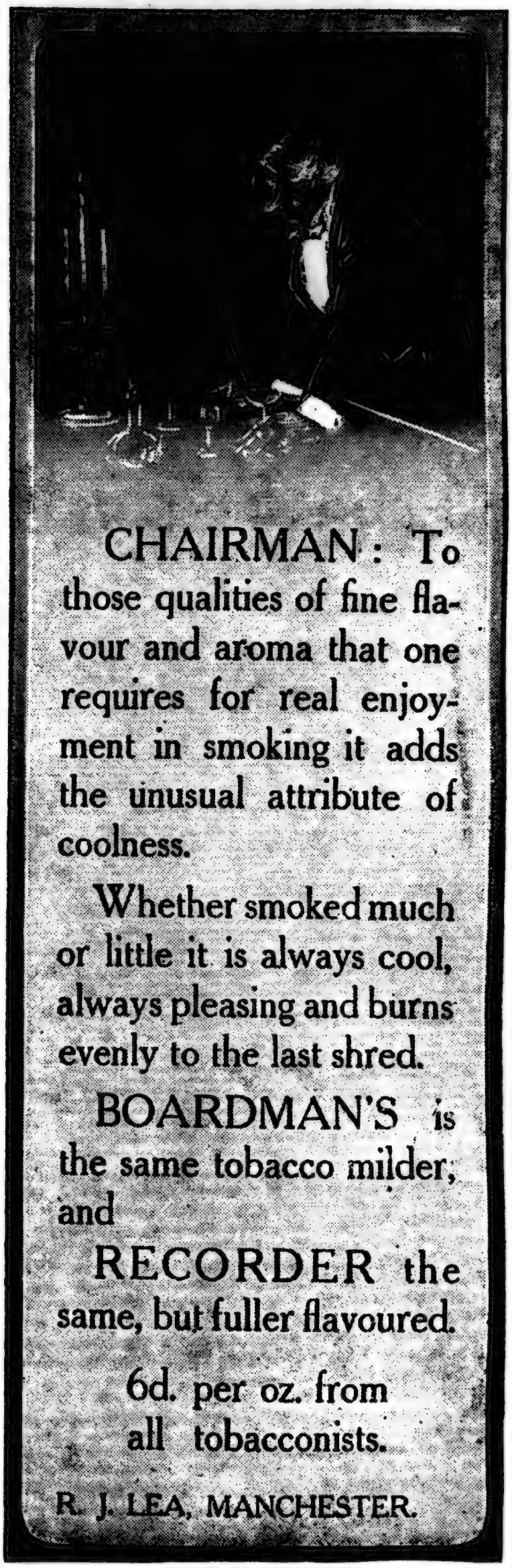
That he lost a number of fowls through the depredations of rats or foxes, or both, is also evident. He says:

"What, all my pretty chickens and their dam,
At one fell swoop?"

I take it that by this time Master William Shakespeare was "fed up" with farming, and, having given vent to his overwrought feelings with one somewhat impious invocation—

"Let the sky rain potatoes!"

he came to London, and laid the foundations of his fame and fortune at the old Globe Theatre on the Surrey side.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ÆSOP-AND-WATER FOR WEAK POLITICAL DIGESTIONS.

I am not a politician, but I'm fairly erudite,
So I like to look at matters in a literary light;
And the Government would ne'er have been in this appalling stew,
Had they faced the situation from the scholar's point of view.
Now you won't find many people reading Æsop's works to-day,
They prefer erotic novels or the latest censored play;
So I'd better recapitulate succinctly, for a start,
The adventures of an animal who tried to be too smart.
We are told there lived a man, two thousand years ago or more
(I entreat his pardon: *gentleman*), who kept a grocer's store.
(Modern rendering sounds awkward, but one has to bear in mind
That the classics, taken word for word, are *sometimes* unrefined.)
Well, this merchant had an Ass to take his goods from place to place,
Which possessed a power of reasoning uncommon to its race.
But where striking qualities exist there's often some defect,
And our quadruped had laziness, as well as intellect.
Now there were no district councils in the days of which I write
And the bridges in that neighbourhood were in a shocking plight,
And this luckless Ass by accident, and not from any fault,
Tumbled headlong in a river, with a heavy load of salt.
He was in a pretty panic, until bit by bit he found,
That his load was quickly melting, so of course he wasn't drowned.
And while trotting home untrammelled he reflected, with surprise,
That what first had seemed disaster was a blessing in disguise.
After carefully considering it, everything seemed plain,
So when next he had to cross that bridge, he tumbled in again;
And 'twas then that he discovered retribution on his track,
For it wasn't salt, but sponges, that he had upon his back.
Well, the moral is apparent, so we won't pursue the tale
For its modern application, I am anxious to unveil.
Now the Government is aptly represented by the Ass
With its burden—our finances—which have come to such a pass.
We exonerate the Chancellor from *meaning* to do harm
When he introduced his Budget, causing panic and alarm;
But his party thus discovered that a weapon could be made
Of financial mess and chaos, and jeopardy to trade.
And when once again their troubles had to great dimensions grown,
They decided that finances should a second time be thrown
In the river of confusion, so they promptly took the plunge,
And unless I'm much mistaken, with a load *this* time of sponge.
When the Cabinet's gone under, and its latest breath is spent,
I've no doubt that many worthy folk will bitterly lament.
But although I am a Liberal, shall *I* regret it? No!
Above all things I'm a classic, and besides—I told them so!

Simple Simon.

TRADE NOTE.

The Strenuous Life.—Abernethy's famous dictum that "Stuff and Fret" are the cause of the majority of human ailments, is truer to-day than ever. But to these must now be added another contributing factor—Hurry. Hurrying over meals is the chief cause of digestive troubles, from which so many people now suffer. Messrs. Savory and Moore, Chemists to The King, of New Bond Street, provide a simple, harmless, yet most efficacious remedy for such troubles in Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges, of which they are the sole manufacturers. These Lozenges are made from a formula of the famous Dr. Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination, and their virtue lies in their remarkable power to absorb acidity in the stomach. Sufferers from indigestion of many years' standing, and even confirmed dyspeptics, testify that they have derived more benefit from them than from any other remedy. They are quite harmless. Readers who desire to test them may obtain a trial box free by writing to Messrs. Savory and Moore, enclosing 1d. for postage.

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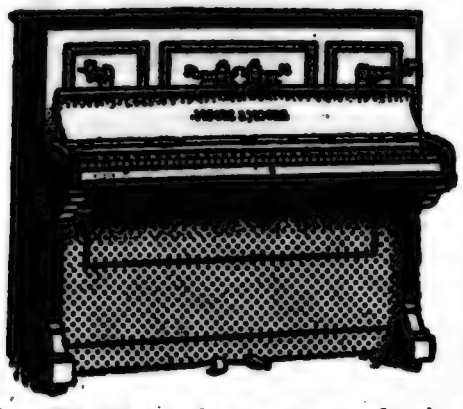

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HUMAN DOCUMENTS.—LXXXIII.

The subject of this Human Document appeals to the section of readers who are music lovers, and in a position to give the necessary assistance. He is possessed of a robust tenor voice, which has been tried by several teachers of repute, both concert and operatic artists, who were unanimous in the opinion that it would develop into a very good tenor. He has tried his hardest to obtain the wherewithal for lessons, and although the fees were considerably reduced by the two professors under whom he commenced to study, he was compelled to abandon his studies owing to lack of funds. As he is now out of employment, and has just received a very fine offer, if proficient in time, of appearing as first tenor in a new opera, he earnestly appeals for assistance. Will anyone provide him with a situation so as to enable him to pay his fees, or advance the amount necessary? Qualifications and references can be furnished, and we are in a position to recommend the case.

With reference to Human Document No. LXXVIII., we have to acknowledge 20s. from A.D.

With reference to Human Document No. LXXX., we have to acknowledge 1s. from "Sympathiser" and 2s. from A.B.

YOUNG MOORE'S MONTHLY PROPHECY.

APRIL.

April 1st will be a day of great rejoicing for fools of all ages; but many serious-minded individuals will have occasion for sadness. Booby-traps will be in the descendent and many strange stars may be seen by individual observers. The Spirit of Falsehood will be abroad throughout the land. There will be a running to and fro to see that which does not exist, and a walking up and down in answer to mythical messages. Later in the day slippers and palms will be in the descendent, and dismal howls will be in the ascendent.

On April 5th Mercury will be in superior conjunction with the sun, and there will be much gladness amongst the people. In the opinion of Young Moore the popular rejoicing will not be altogether due to the transaction between the planet and the solar orb, but will arise largely from the fact that on that day dividends on Consols are due. On the same date the financial year 1909-10 ends. This will prove a further reason for gladness on the part of many people, for it is doubtful whether the collection of income-tax will have been legalised by that time.

To militate against the general happiness which seems promised for the 5th, the mean time of the sun's semi-diameter passing the meridian will be 1m. 4·4s. This portentous occurrence presages an outbreak of local electionitis. Urban and Rural District Councillors will pass the day in horrible suspense. Those who fail to secure election will declare that they are very glad of it, and that they only put up as a public duty. Those who obtain the suffrages of their fellow-burgesses will remark upon the very high intelligence of the local electorate. So everybody in the end will be—or seem—pleased.

There will be several serious fires throughout the country during the first week of the month, for fire insurance premiums must be paid by the 9th.

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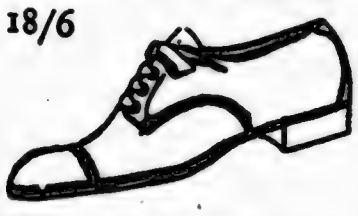

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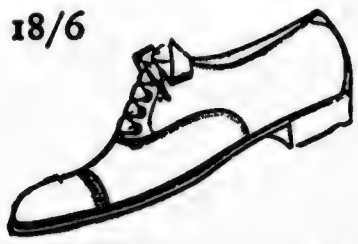

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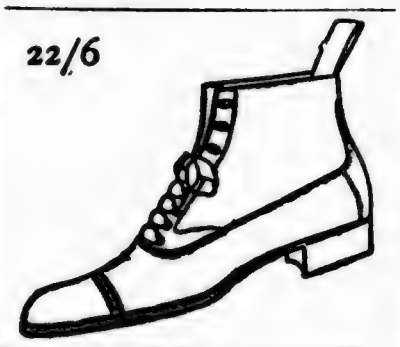

OUR SPECIAL POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

(Specially Mis-reported for "John Bull.")

By Richard Morton.

(Mr. Morton satirises recent Police Court proceedings.)

SOCIAL PROBLEMS.—THE MAN WHO WOULD.

An interesting problem was presented in the case of William Waster, who was charged at St. Mary-le-bon with refusing to work in the Mary-le-bon Casual Ward. He pleaded guilty and said he purposely refused to work.

The Magistrate (Mr. Kanta Fordham): But why?

Prisoner: Because they didn't give me enough work. It was only for a day or two. I want a regular job. When I go to the "spike" they give me just a little task, and expect me to shift off the premises. I want somewhere where I can stop a long while. I want to go to prison.

Magistrate (surprised): You want to go to prison?

Prisoner: The hard labour suits me. It's the simple life brought down to a fine point. And it is regular.

Evidence was given by officials of the court to the effect that prisoner had been several times convicted of a similar offence, and had been sent to the Sessions as incorrigible.

Prisoner: I am a much misunderstood man. All I plead for is time, and plenty of it.

An Assistant Gaoler stated that the prisoner was a very good worker when in prison.

Magistrate: Do you think he earns his board and lodging while he is in gaol?

Witness: Oh, there's no doubt about it. He is as happy as a skylark there.

Prisoner: Quite right, sir. The time I have done makes me the happiest man on earth.

Magistrate: I suppose I ought to give you a month.

Prisoner: Make it three months, sir—hard!

Magistrate: No; I will remand you for a week.

Prisoner (weeping): It's cruel, sir, cruel.

Still sobbing, and evidently bitterly disappointed, the fellow was led from the dock by a compassionate warder.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS.—THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T.

A poor woman applied at the Tottenham Court Road Court for a summons for maintenance against her husband She said he had for years entirely neglected to provide. food or anything else for herself and children, and remained in bed for weeks at a stretch.

Magistrate: Is he the gentleman who won't work?

Applicant: Yes, sir. He is celebrated as the "Laziest Man on Earth." They put him in the papers, portrait and all, and he is so proud of it that he is lazier than ever, if that is possible. Once, when I got him out of the house by starving him, I locked up the door, but he climbed in at the window and went back to bed. He came out of prison six weeks ago, and has been in bed ever since.

Magistrate: Did you tell him you were coming here?

Applicant: Yes, and he asked me not to worry him.

Magistrate: I am afraid there is no cure for laziness when it is carried out to that extent. But I suppose he had to work when he was in prison?

Applicant: I don't think he worried to do much. You see, sir, they gave him his meals regular, and the gaolers got tired of sticking pins in him to keep him awake.

Magistrate: You may take a summons. It may wake him up, but I have my doubts.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS.—TOO MUCH OF IT.

At the Tower of London Court, Benjamin Wornout was charged with attempting to commit suicide.

A constable related how he had dived into the Thames and fished out the old man. He had seen the prisoner climb the Embankment wall and throw himself into the river. When rescued, the old man had only said, "Leave me alone. Let me drown."

Prisoner said it was quite true. He thanked the young man for what he had done, but it would have been greater kindness to let him finish it. At sixty-five, he was dead-beat and worn out. After working like a slave all his life he had nowhere to lay his head. He could work no more and did not want to live.

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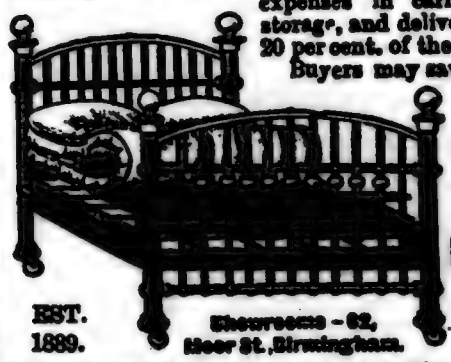

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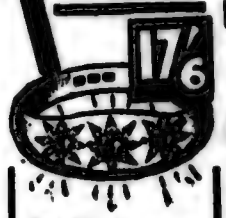

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IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS.

By WALTER MOORE.

XLII.—CAV. GRASSO.

At the conclusion of the performance at the Lyric Theatre the other evening, I went "behind" to congratulate Cav. Grasso upon his masterly delineation of the character of Othello.

"What name?" he demanded, striking a dramatic attitude as I entered his dressing-room.

"Moore," I replied, modestly.

With a bound the great realistic actor was upon me, and before I could offer any defence had imprinted several resounding kisses on my cheeks and the tip of my nose.

"Ah," he cried, "the Moor of Venice! Come to the flesho, to congratulato meo! Is it not?"

"Don't be Sicily," I remonstrated, disengaging myself from his embrace, and wondering whether my complexion really did warrant his mistake.

"Ah, but I must kiss you once more again," cried the swarthy and emotional southerner, suiting the action to the word and closing my left eye with a chaste salute.

"Leave off," I protested; "I don't like to encourage such waste. Besides, you could do with a shave."

"Pardon," murmured Grasso, bowing low. "It is my feelings. They carry me away.

"I wish they would carry you away to the barber," I remarked ruefully, longing for lanoline.

"You Eenglish are so cold," sneered the actor. "You have no fire, no passion, no enthusiasm."

"You wouldn't say that if you had seen a football match in the Midlands," said I.

"Ah!" exclaimed Grasso, "do they kiss? Yes?"

"M—— not exactly," I responded. "They hurt one another in other ways. But come, I have not called to discuss your peculiar Sicilian propensity for oscular demonstration, but to have a chat about your very realistic art. Your tragic intensity has taken London by storm."

"I am p-rrr-oud!" exclaimed the actor, expanding his chest and strutting up and down. Then, in an instant, with a panther-like spring, he was on me again.

"I must keess you for that!" he cried, seeking a suitable spot. The struggle was short, but fierce, and I had to confess myself beaten. Feinting cleverly, he managed to deposit a two-horse power kiss on the back of my neck.

"Stop it!" I gasped, readjusting my collar. "You make me tired. I'm not Desdemona. Now, tell me, from what source do you derive your talent?"

"It is in the air of my beloved Sicily," replied Grasso. "It is breathed out from the mighty crater of Mount Etna, and enters into our souls."

"Well, I must say your performances are very wonderful and very thrilling," I said.

"You overwhelm me with your praise!" declared the actor, his voice trembling with emotion. "I must keess you for your beautiful compliments."

"No you don't," I said, hastily, retreating behind a chair. "What's your destination after London?"

"The United States," replied Grasso, slyly watching his chance to get at me again.

"Then you will be in your element out there. When the Yankees are not chewing gum they are kissing mushroom celebrities," I remarked.

"But I am no mushroom celebrity," hissed the actor.

"All flesh is Grass-o, Cavaliero. Some day you may encounter a 'frost' that will cut you down. All you actors suffer from the same obliquity of vision when regarding your own art. You, the humble instruments for the expression of the dramatist's genius, come in course of time to look upon yourselves as the creators of the parts you fill. The actor of a part is no more than the translator of a book. Both may introduce a measure of their own personality into their interpretation; but the thought, the idea, the only immortal part, belongs to the author and to no other. But, in your case you certainly do seem to try to give a faithful representation of the dramatist's ideas, and not to regard the theatre as a place to strut about in, in self-conscious vanity, like——"

"Who, who?" demanded Grasso.

"I will not satisfy your curiosity," I responded. "Professional jealousy might tempt you to kiss me again, out of gratitude for voicing your own opinion."

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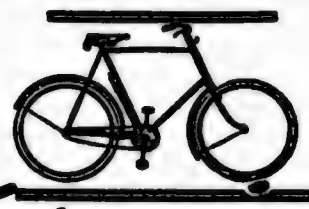

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THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

"Star" Theatre Turns.

Don't you think it a bit late in the day to commence arguing as to whether the appearance of theatrical "stars" on the music-hall platforms is detrimental to their public following or not?

For the last ten years and more, "theatricals" have been doing "turns" on the variety stage, and, so far as the outside world can judge, no harm has been done up to the present · on the contrary, their popularity has increased, for in the half-hour's entertainment supplied by them at the halls, quite a new class of people has recognised the talent of Mr. A. and of Miss B, with the result that the list of regular theatre audiences has been enlarged instead of diminished.

At the Hippodrome.

Take, for example, Miss Winifred Emery, who has just completed a month or six weeks' engagement at the Cranbourn Street Hippodrome. Was this admirable actress ever appreciated to a greater extent within the four walls of her own legitimate "Playhouse"? Don't you think her admirers are even more numerous now than when she stepped into her dressing-room as "Mistress Peg" in her delightful Woffington sketch?

At this very moment, Miss Ada Reeve is calling forth rapturous applause for her extraordinarily clever half-sung, half-spoken songs, at this same house of varieties, and her efforts are received with an enthusiasm that is almost overwhelming. Of course, I know that Miss Reeve made her *debut* on the music-hall stage, but still for years she has been a theatrical "star."

Presently, Madame Réjane, the famous French comedienne, of "Zaza" notoriety, will be seen on the boards of the Hippodrome, but oh! dear Mr. Manager, or whoever is responsible for the announcement, much as I appreciate the wonderful art of this unrivalled comedy actress, do not, I beg of you, let it be read on the screen of your bioscope that she is "beautiful."

Not even the one who loves her most could call Réjane "beautiful." It is just one of those erroneous and misleading statements which is apt to make for disappointment. Réjane is not beautiful, but she makes herself brilliantly attractive through the medium of her exceptional genius, which is far, far better than any mere skin-deep beauty.

The Lyric.

Cav. Grasso has created a profound impression with his truthful picture of the jealous Moor in Shakespeare's tragedy, "Othello," and it would be difficult to imagine a more accurate conception of the immortal bard's murderous character.

Grasso's temperament is absolutely suited to "Othello," and for sheer sincerity and downright unexaggerated realism I can recall no parallel. Grasso is "Othello" to the life, in every detail, and the actor displays in the part a cultivated style hitherto not associated with the wild tempestuousness of this powerful Sicilian player. "Othello" should be seen as it is now being acted at the Lyric theatre by all lovers of Shakespeare and his works.

The Repertory Theatre.

Easter greetings to you, dear Mr. Charles Frohman, although I fear your eggs have not proved over-crammed with success up to now. But your pluck is indomitable, and, nothing daunted, in your usual gorgeous, magnificently sumptuous Frohmanesque style, regardless of expense, and oblivious of loss, you promise us plays galore in the future. Truly there is no more courageous *entrepreneur* in England, or America either, for the matter of that, than you, oh! Frohman the Great; and I curtsey to you as you sit on your vast stage throne. Long may you reign there, for you have done more to buck up the declining drama than any manager of your time.

At the Tivoli.

Where, were the Strand Tivoli's giant "chuckers-out" the other evening, that they allowed certan people to misbehave as they did in a private box, whilst a sketch was being performed? So objectionable did the unpleasant occupants of this particular loge make themselves, that the curtain had to be lowered, and the little play left unfinished. I consider it positively awful that artistes should be compelled to suffer such gross indignities, and the rowdy crowd should have been immediately ejected. I do not see either why the rest of the audience should not be permitted to enjoy the whole of the performance on account of one box-load of ungentlemanly fellows.

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SPRATT'S
DOG CAKES · PUPPY BISCUITS · BIRD SEEDS

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Unwilling Juno.

What an extraordinary number of women to-day are wailing to their friends and acquaintances that they are growing fat, and yet how few will really try any sensible remedy when put to the test. It certainly is a fact that amongst the leisured classes stout women—young women—are becoming the rule and not the exception. They are still the exception amongst business women, shop assistants, school teachers, nurses, and even servants—and therein lies the inference! I know quite a number of 28-inch waisted ladies who really do diet, who are teetotalers, and some who take patent fat-reducing medicines, but with small—or, rather, large—results. A very successful remedy is a large glass of home-made lemonade without sugar, as hot as one can drink it, last thing at night. Rinking is not to be recommended, though it has its advocates: partly because it is not usually done in the open-air, and is therefore without the necessary oxygen, and partly because, if not taken up till one has got fat, it is distinctly dangerous, both for the heart and the balance. Yet many an unwilling Juno will dash to the rink, who, if you told her to walk four miles every morning before ten o'clock, would reply tartly, "O, I haven't time." I have often been assured by these slowly solidifying matrons that they already take plenty of daily exercise, and I know for a fact that all they do take is a leisurely round of the nearest shops, after their serene housekeeping business. Not a pulse is stirred by this sort of thing, nor is the circulation quickened in the least. The other night a handsome person who sat opposite me at a dinner, and whose charms erred on the side of abundance, raised large, sweet eyes to mine and told this old tale of woe: "O, but I *do* exercise in the open-air," she said, "we motor every day." I had to explain that unless she ran round and round the motor as it went along, she got no fat-reducing exercise that way. It was also interesting to observe that she took two helpings of most of the courses! These dear ladies are sad about their beauty, but they would be sadder still to have to do anything definitely energetic or self-denying to keep it, one fears.

The Blue-Stocking Cure.

Another cure for stoutness seems to escape the majority, even, of specialists, and that is regular brain-work. I don't mean merely sitting and reading a quantity of books anyhow and at any time, but the actual and definite acquisition of some special branch of knowledge, say, the learning of a language or a philosophy, thoroughly. Hard brain-workers are very rarely stout. Geniuses often are, curiously enough, but they are the children of the gods, and are not often brain-drudges. Let my goddess-friends who want to be more fairy-like try a little real blue-stockingism. It will brace them up in more ways than one, and after the self-indulgence that is inseparable from modern social life, will have a positively beautifying effect. It is worth trying.

Kilted Skirts.

It is blessed news to hear from the tailors that the skirts of all tailor frocks are to have inset plaits or kilts at the sides; and in many cases are to fit tightly on the hips and have a flat band at the knee, from which the full effect commences. In vain, for a year, one has tried to like the short and unspeakably scanty skirts that went with the long coats. They always looked, especially on stout people in big hats, like under-skirts worn by mistake, and gave everyone a horribly top-heavy appearance. Also, they made the feet enormous. But I suppose no one would question the becomingness of the other style. It certainly makes the waist and hips look smaller by comparison with the fulness at the hem, and it takes years off most people's age. With these skirts the shorter cut of coat, now an accomplished fact, looks really better than the long one, and it also is a distinct gain in youthfulness, if not so short as to enlarge the line of the hips. "One-piece" or Princesse morning frocks, fastening down the back and terminating in a kilted skirt attached to the upper part by a plain band of the same material, will be very popular in linens and plain-coloured materials, by reason of their extreme simplicity or cheapness. On any woman of comparatively slender proportions they make the most charming of summer morning dresses, and look well with a turn-down collar and big "country" hat. This summer—if we get a summer—we ought to look very nice indeed. It is a cheering thought!

To the Fluffy.

Easter takes many of us to the seaside, and at this time of year that blissful goal is a little spoilt for some of us by its dreadful capacity to take all the "fluff" out of our hair. Here is a splendid hair-drier, which is also a shampoo, since it cleans as well as stiffens the hair, and will be found invaluable in wet mists or rainy weather. It is simply two ounces of powdered orris-root mixed with two ounces of powdered sulphur, well mingled together and rubbed into the roots of the hair overnight with a pad of cotton-wool. When combed out in the morning, the hair will be found stiffened and fluffy, as well as cleaner and easier to dress. On the very fair shades of hair this preparation can be applied during the day and will not show, but brunettes should only use it at night and comb the powder out well in the morning, or the faint yellow tint will have a curious effect on dark locks.

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BULL'S EYES.

Notes of Interrogation:—
Is Mr. Asquith easily "put out"?
Isn't it St. Patrick's Day every day just now?
Is the Unionist Free Trade Club being wound up because it wouldn't go?
Doesn't Shackleton's new expedition infer that Scott will fail?
Is the Marguerite League growing?
Will the Lords v. Commons be a fight to a "finish"?
Wasn't the headline, "Dr. Bodo's Bust," rather apt?
Is the living picture craze dying?
Isn't the Dear Coal Act a "striking" incentive to the miners?
How many Labour Exchange officials are "unemployed"?
Isn't the Hungarian Parliament a striking example?

The Islanders is the name of a society formed to maintain Britain's supremacy at sea. Its motto should be "Might and Main."

Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton recently made a speech on brewing. Back at the Bar.

A correspondent in the *Daily News* advocates "birth pensions" for poor women. By whom would they be borne?

Eggs forty years old, we read. Humming birds?

Whatever their views on the Whisky tax, during the Tariff Reform division all the Irish were abstainers.

Bishop Stringer, whilst in the Arctic, was compelled to eat his boots. He was at the last extremity.

"I am no politician," says Sir Baden-Powell. He scouts the idea.

What "safeguards" will keep Mr. Asquith from the fire?

"Oysters as Artists," says an *Express* heading. They certainly tickle the palate.

Both sides prophesy a rough time at the next election. But it is uncertain who will have the most crosses to bear.

A couple named Lane have just celebrated their diamond wedding. We hope it will be some time before the turning.

Headline: "Regimental Safe Stolen." Was it rifled?

Laundrymaid as music-teacher, we read. Another iron in the fire.

The Earl of Pembroke considers the Albert Hall too large. *We* found it too small.

Congratulations to Sir John Tenniel. He has lived to hear the motor-car tune.

We hear of a policeman-artist. But any member of the force can draw a crowd.

We read that Dr. Cook is in hiding in Chili. He needs a cooler.

Heading: Too much frozen mutton. Evidently many are giving it the cold shoulder.

"Calico Jack," just published, should prove a ripping yarn.

We read about golden eggs; but no one seems to have the sovereign remedy for lazy hens.

A bullock charged a motor-van. Someone has now to do the settling.

During a recent charge, a tramp produced a diary. It doubtless contained many "entries."

We are told that many old 'bus drivers are now in the Australian Bush. A change from the Shepherd variety.

During a breach-of-promise case, defendant confessed that "he wore a flannel waistcoat for her sake." But it failed to keep his heart warm.

Inside information: "Lady ——'s daughter is not coming out this year."

The legal definition of the winkle is "wild animal." But it is easy to pin it down.

Some More School Howlers:—
"Parallel lines are always the same distance apart on the earth, and so they never meet till eternity."
"The Conventicle Act said anyone who had a family of five over 18 years old must pay a fine of £40."
"When Chaucer said 'the Prioress was amiable of port' he meant she was fond of wine."
"Catholics believe in the Holy Calico Shirt, which is a white thing worn by clergymen."
"The Peripatetic School were persons who solved perpetual motion by moving about from place to place, talking all the time, Aristotle at the head of them; their motto was 'Solvitur ambulando.'"
"Days are longer in summer because heat expands everything."
"Roman youths at eighteen assumed the dress of a Roman citizen, called 'togs.'"
"Paysandu is the feminine of paysan."
"Vixen is the female of vicar."
"The balance of power is one which will weigh over a hundredweight in weight."
"Local option means living in a place where everyone has to do what you want."

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The Editor *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag,"* AND ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write names and addresses upon the back of their work. The Editor can accept no responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPES ARE SENT FOR THE PURPOSE. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL.

The Editor *can express no opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

Correspondents are requested not to send original certificates, testimonials, etc., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be sent in the first instance; if inspection of the originals is required, a request will be forwarded to that effect.*

"A Canadian" (Wimbledon) criticises our geography, but does not give us the correct position of some place in Manitoba because he imagines we should not care to be taught by a "mere Canadian." We are, however, always willing to acquire information, even from the humblest quarters.

M. T. (Glasgow) says that any Scottish school child could improve upon our knowledge with regard to the government of Scotland by England. We suppose we ought to have remembered that England is usually governed by Scottish Ministers.

J. M. (Leeds) is a reservist who answered his country's call and thinks he has been badly treated. He is not the only one.

J. E. A. R. V. S. (London, W.) says it is very hard on the Dutch that they should be accused of skinning live snakes. He assures us that they cut their heads off first. But is he certain that that is a proper way to kill a snake?

"The Mouse Princess" (Stockport) says there is another Chinese laundry opening there, and that "all these laundries are run by Japs." That is certainly strange.

R. O. M. (London, S.W.).—We believe the man in question has been fined for selling these pistols to persons having no gun-licence. So, perhaps, he hesitates to supply you until you have yours.

D. McC. (Croydon) protests against "such defamatory mimicry of our great men as exists in a notorious exhibition in the West End." He considers that "a collection of such atrocities" as waxworks "is a disgrace to English soil." However, we suppose that if people did not like the show, it would soon have to shut its doors.

"A Reader" (Nottingham) wants a balance-sheet of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution for the purpose of heckling at one of their meetings. Why not write for one?

"Veritas" (Wolverhampton) is a young man with a few hundreds and wants to know the easiest way to convert cash into paper. Would he care for Jim Crow's I O U?

S. J. (London, N.W.) protests against the Marylebone Borough Council swamping the roads with water at 11 p.m. to the annoyance of chauffeurs and coachmen.

H. T. (Pavenham).—We really cannot take up parochial questions as to whether politics are allowed in a reading room, but no doubt some territorial magnates exercise undue influence. So do some minor magnates.

R. B. (Croydon) wishes to know whether we are in favour of "the inhuman practice" known as Vivisection. Not of the inhuman practice, but we have no objection to human vivisection, and are prepared to send Jim Crow along any time on receipt of a few hours' notice.

(*Continued on page 486.*)

EYE AND EAR CLINIQUE.

First Institution for the Middle Class.

Hitherto there has been no half-way house for people of moderate means who wished to consult an oculist or aurist. There was either the hospital—intended for the poor—or a private consultation with the specialist, but the latter was often financially impossible, especially if operative treatment or continuous attendance were necessary.

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A GOOD TIP.

Easter is a time when, owing to the absence of members from the Stock Exchange and inattention on the part of the investing and speculating public, prices in certain sections of the Stock Markets are inclined to "sag." On the other hand, the circumstances of the time are such that Home Railway Stocks may benefit by the Holiday Traffic to such an extent that the price of the Stock will improve considerably in value after the holidays are over. We are prepared to give you the name of a Home Rail which will rise in price. If you will fill in the Coupon below we will give you the name of the Stock almost by return. You are then at liberty to use the information as you please, or just watch the result of our Tip. Our object in doing this is to convince you of the value of our advice. The practical result of following our advice and recommendations is shown by the figures at the head of this column. You can test our advice by just noting whether the name of the Share we give does rise in price. If you are sufficiently interested, therefore, to watch the result, we will give you the name of the Share on application. Clients will get this information from us in the ordinary way, so that it is unnecessary for those already on our books to apply.

Cheque		£	s.	d.
7333	J.W.	14	12	6
7666	do.	18	0	0
7991	do.	29	12	6
8454	do.	11	5	0
8554	do.	19	12	6
8620	do.	9	10	0
8686	do.	7	10	0
8778	do.	14	12	6
9152	do.	16	2	0
9239	do.	7	18	1
9573	do.	20	15	6
9900	do.	7	16	2
10170	do.	10	5	0
10299	do.	6	0	0
10753	do.	21	5	0
10867	do.	21	10	0
11114	do.	19	5	0
12183	do.	19	15	7
12245	do.	20	0	0
Carried f'd		£290	2	4

Cheque.		£	s.	d.
Brought f'd		£290	2	4
12294	do.	21	15	0
12418	do.	10	0	0
12500	do.	18	15	0
12519	do.	6	15	0
12588	do.	15	0	0
12832	do.	10	5	0
12887	do.	6	0	0
13936	do.	13	17	6
13347	do.	18	0	0
13606	do.	7	15	0
13885	do.	9	0	0
14163	do.	18	15	0
14325	do.	12	15	0
14393	do.	16	0	0
14575	do.	11	6	0
14638	do.	9	10	0
14649	do.	10	10	0
14897	do.	12	0	0
		£518	0	10

Cheque.		£	s.	d.
316	J.F.	27	10	0
480	do.	20	0	0
1344	do.	19	0	0
3077	do.	45	9	8
3323	do.	8	2	6
3347	do.	8	0	0
3364	do.	9	10	0
3608	do.	47	0	0
4185	do.	12	0	0
4352	do.	26	17	4
4801	do.	27	0	0
4810	do.	8	0	0
4991	do.	32	0	0
5176	do.	32	0	0
5247	do.	52	0	0
5546	do.	14	6	8
6111	do.	5	11	5
6762	do.	23	3	0
6855	do.	10	0	0
6939	do.	23	11	0
Carried f'd		£451	0	9

Cheque.		£	s.	d.
Brought f'd		£451	0	9
7483	do.	11	5	0
9019	do.	11	10	0
10230	do.	14	10	0
10363	do.	9	0	0
10451	do.	19	0	0
12156	do.	17	5	0
12751	do.	7	6	8
13048	do.	61	10	0
13186	do.	84	5	0
14090	do.	9	0	0
14243	do.	12	0	0
		£657	12	0
6672	F.P.	8	4	4
9277	do.	8	0	0
10072	do.	12	0	0
11697	do.	12	0	0
11782	do.	63	0	0
		£103	4	4

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We make money for clients. That is why we keep them. And if our advice and recommendations were not good, we should not retain clients. Above we give one or two accounts of clients as showing how clients can benefit. They are similar to thousands of others, from which we publish specimens regularly. There is no reason why you should not be a client. We have only to convince you that it will pay you. We can do that, if you will permit us. Give us the opportunity of convincing you by filling in the coupon at foot.

The amount at the head of this column—over a quarter of a million pounds sterling—has been paid away to Clients. We advise Clients and ninety per cent. of our Clients act on our advice and recommendations. We are not asking you to do business with us now. We only ask you to test by watching the value of our advice. This you can do without any outlay by noting whether the Home Railway Stock which we shall recommend for a rise increases in price.

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APPLICATION FOR OUR ADVICE.

TO THE SECRETARY,
NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE, Great Winchester St., London, E.C.
Please forward me (as my name is not already on your books) the name of the Home Railway stock which should increase in value after Easter to enable me to judge of the value of your advice in general, by which you have paid away £350,380 to clients, together with a Search Form, so that I can verify any single cheque or batch of cheques, that I may select.

NAME .....
(State Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss or Title)

ADDRESS IN FULL.....

.....

Please Write Distinctly

DATE.....

J.B. 310.

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In consequence of an incidental reference a few weeks ago to the date of the Editor's birthday (March 23rd, 1860) he has been inundated with expressions of good wishes from his readers, to all of whom he desires to return his sincere thanks.

A. J. D. (Battersea) takes up the cudgels on behalf of the Committeee of the Arding and Hobbs' Fire Fund, and says many of the claims are exaggerated or fictitious.

S. C. (Cleveland, Transvaal) sends us an interesting cutting from the *Johannesburg Star*, with which we have dealt editorially.

C. H. S., J. W. and G. B. write us from Trieste, protesting against the law prevailing in Germany, America and elsewhere prohibiting a foreign vessel from calling at two ports in succession upon their respective coast lines, and suggests it is time we got a little of our own back. All in good time—when we get that Business Government.

"Fairplay" (Hillsea) tells us there is a large amount of favouritism among the senior ranks of a local battery of artillery, and gives us various illustrations in support of his charge.

J. N. C. (Camberwell).—We are unable to say whether Mr. Edward Robinson, J.P., of Bristol (referred to in a recent issue), is a member of the firm of E. S. and A. Robinson of that city.

S. E. B. (Wimbledon Park).—Yes, the Chief Parliamentary Whips are paid salaries—as "Lords of the Treasury." Writs for a General Election are issued by the Crown, at the instigation of whatever Government happens to be in power at the time of the dissolution.

"Parson Lot" objects to the idea of paying members because he thinks they already receive £500 apiece from the party funds. Would it were so! But even if it were, what about those unfortunate members who do not enjoy the confidence of their party?

H. C. H. (Monkseaton).—We note that the Chinese sentence women to strangulation for wearing men's clothes. "So now we know where to send our more militant suffragettes," says Jim.

L. G. (Chesterfield) accuses us of hypocrisy, cant and stupidity, and asks: "Do you expect a Council retained for the defence to prosecute his own client?" But we never heard of a Council practising at the Bar.

"Digitalis" (South Africa) enquires about the propects of an Englishman in West Africa, which, he has heard, is an unhealthy country. As he is a qualified chemist, he ought to be able to prescribe against sleeping sickness.

J. H. B. (Carnarvon) wants to know the business reason for which Lloyd George visited Germany. Presumably to try black bread.

"Anti-Humbug" (Nozaza) promised and vowed to renounce the vanities of this wicked world, and then became jealous of the silk stockings of a bishop's flunkey.

J. W. S. (Ilminster) complains that letters sent to a paper are "manipulated." But the one he sent to the *Daily News*, *Daily Chronicle* and *Spectator* was omitted. Having seen a copy, we do not wonder.

F. P. (London, W.) wants to know whether Territorials must sign on for foreign service in order to obtain a badge. We hope so.

"Brum" (Birmingham).—We were not aware that fishermen possessed special gifts of toleration. In fact, we imagined that they were boastful almost to the extent of terminological inexactitude.

A. R. C. (London, E.C.) complains that the Union of London and Smith's Bank will not allow extra leave for clerks who want to join the Territorials.

F. T. (Brixton).—Though you describe yourself as "but a boy," you ought to have accumulated sufficient intelligence to know that when we publish the initials of our correspondents, we do not imply that "they haven't the courage to sign their names and addresses." If he called you "the scum of the earth," he was probably unfortunate in his reference to our planet. When people haven't the courage to give us their names and addresses in confidence, we consign their effusions to our plethoric waste-paper basket.

P. G. P. (West Kensington).—We quite agree with you that it was very naughty of the *Daily Telegraph* to describe the sentence of a hundred lashes on a woman's back and her subsequent strangulation as "amusing." But the editor seems to have a sense of humour of his own.

S. W. (Finchley) answers the "Confessions of Teetotalers," and says that people only lose their sense of alertness after giving up drink, because alcohol has undermined their constitutions. Does this mean that the life-long teetotaler is exceptionally alert?

J. E. H. (Middlesbro').—Of course the Government is liable to make good any deficiency in Post Office Deposits, so there is no cause for anxiety. We were simply commenting on the unbusiness-like methods which result in the department being worked at a loss.

"Anti-Vermin" (London, S.E.).—We did not think anyone still imagined that the Salvation Army was a purely philanthropic institution.

R. H. O. (Catford).—We imagine that the finance of the "Army" is on a par with that of the young Turks.

"Potato" (Jersey) complains of Messrs. Norman and Co., of Birmingham.

A. D. (Bromley) calls our attention to the way in which the brains of ingenious workmen are often filched by their employers, and wants us to establish a John Bull Patent Club "for the protection of skilled workmen and others with brains." We have quite enough on, however, at the moment.

F. J. M. (Wandsworth) complains that there was apparently no position at the Labour Exchanges for any applicants except workmen and messengers, and puts in a plea for the much neglected middle-classes who are out of work.

C. W. (Brixton).—We quite agree that the habit of placing persons on remand—frequently upon trivial charges—amongst ordinary criminals, is one which ought to be discontinued.

A. N. P. (Brentwood) was interested in reading that the Vicar of Southend has promised to present every couple married at his church with a wedding present, and was amused to subsequently discover that the present consisted of a missionary box.

(*We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.*)

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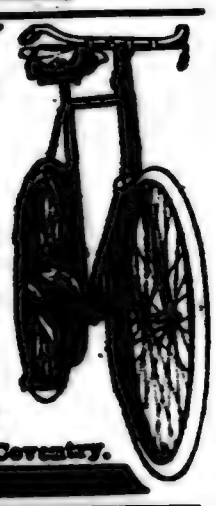

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RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.
("*Larry Lynx*" *of* The People, *and* "*Magpie*" *of* The Globe.)

Personal.

I must express very sincere appreciation of the support given me by so many readers, both as to my new sporting pictorial, *Lotinga's Weekly* (nearly half a million copies having been sold last week) and the shares of the "Amalgamated Pictorials, Ltd.," which were so enormously over-subscribed. We have a big success, and, depend upon it, will make the most of it, if I can count upon the whole-hearted support of my followers—as I assuredly do.

Italian Racing.

J. Lane—the jockey and younger brother of the ill-fated crack horseman, W. Lane—is now riding in Italy under a retainer by Signor Dal Aqua. Lane, who can "do" 7st. 12lbs., rode 50 winners during last season, being third on the list to L. Spencer—who is an American, and rode 59—and J. Jacobs, an English lad, who finished in front 51 times. Spencer's advantage comes through riding for the biggest stable in Italy, that of Count Schiebler.

Kempton.

Big improvements are being made at Kempton, so I hope they will be carried out to the extent of giving Tattersall's new grand stand a roof and a vastly improved grill room. I have heard complaints that the alterations were—as is so usual everywhere—to benefit the members, not the general paying public, but I am sure that Walter Hyde is much too considerate of the company's benefits, and the public needs, to neglect those who really keep the "pot boiling," whenever there is a chance of meeting reasonable requirements.

A Horse's Bubble Reputation.

I am afraid, after his meritorious fight for the Sandown Grand Military Gold Cup, Vinegar Hill will suffer severely in the handicap, but that this was not Sprinkle Me's real form was obvious, and is ridiculed by his connections, for the horse was never jumping well, and only just won under great difficulties, through sheer gameness and stamina. The fact is, however, that Sprinkle Me must have hit himself badly very early in the race, for he pulled up lame, although the "rapping" would only cause temporary unsoundness.

Prophetic.

Holiday time makes one anticipate almost too long ahead to be fairly possible, so I can now only hint that

DELIRIUM,

suited by the longer time and well able to carry any weight, will win the Doveridge Handicap at Derby, and another Lincoln failure,

SYCE,

must surely be first—and not second yet again—in the Chaddesden Plate, although he may wait for Epsom.

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A powerful Turf combine, established 1900. Praised by Larry Lynx of *People*, John Bull, *Sporting Life*, *Umpire*, *Vanity Fair*, etc. *Racing World* says: "A remarkable run of successes for years past." Results:—March 14th, Bobbin II., 6-1, won; Miss L. Thrush, 2nd. 15th, Cinderello, 9-1, won; Berretta, 6-2, won. 16th, Joyner, 3rd; Coignafearn, 100-8, won. 17th, Lonawand, won; Rathlea, 7-2, won. 18th, Jenkinstown, 100-8, won; Coolock, 3rd. 19th, Briery, 2nd; Leinster, 4-1, won. Tuesday, March 22nd, Desmond's Pride, 6-1, won; Miss L. Thrush, 11-4, won. Post £1 five "Double Event" wires, or 6s. 6d. for one. A big "double" goes Saturday. Off early. 87, High Road, Chiswick, W.

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The following claims have been received for the issues of February 5th, 12th, and 19th :—

A. G. NELSON, 15, Clark Road, Wolverhampton. (No. 161,646.—February 5th.)

W. H. SCHAFER, 31, Chatsworth Road, Clapton Park. (No. 182,451.—February 5th.)

FRANK COOKE, Royal Naval Depot, Sheerness. (No. 351,063.—February 12th.)

S. A. HUTCHINGS, 17, St. Mary's Road, Leyton. (No. 276,718.—February 19th.)

A. J. KITE, 99, Landor Road, Stockwell. (No. 234,175.—February 19th.)

F. G. HALLAM, 24, Stenshaw Road, Birmingham. (No. 61,299.—February 19th.)

Mr. MORTON, 4, Andrew Street, Silvertown. (No. 233,203.—February 5th.)

JAMES CRAW, Rosevale Cottage, Ayton, Berwickshire. (No. 326,747.—February 19th.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of March 5 :—

1450	86116	160917	257131	325496
18222	107052	172279	260970	332985
20613	115100	181503	261466	340489
29014	121441	197741	261962	343207
30953	131337	205831	262458	345350
31248	137988	219949	265482	353681
37982	142891	234218	270070	354387
46380	144854	234566	273716	362130
74328	145846	245470	307638	381489
76678	153891	253382	316599	397741

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED APRIL 30TH (PUBLISHED APRIL 28TH).

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